The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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VICIOUS AND IMPOTENT

TO THE EDITOR of the *American Mercury:* I thank you for your courtesy in sending me page proofs of the article appearing in your March issue, entitled, "Troubles of American Catholicism." As Catholicism is powerful, and increasingly so, in America, and indeed throughout the world, it is a satisfaction to a Catholic editor to observe his secular contemporaries awakening to that fact, and opening their pages to discussions of it.

But, really! no more superficial, or sillier, or out-of-date article on the subject than this has appeared in any periodical of any standing among intelligent people in my memory of American journalism, which goes back more than thirty years. I should have to write as long a piece as the article itself fully to prove my statement; but consider just a few of the many points that might be made against this shallow, this provincial, this weakly vicious performance.

First: for two thousand years the Catholic Church has been having its troubles with backsliders; insubordinate or rebellious members; and with the clash and inter-clash of racial and nationalistic elements contending against the Church's super-racial and super-national principles. Are these troubles known to the Church in the United States? Of course! Inevitably! Is it proper for a writer to gather some of the facts, or surmises, concerning these worries and problems, and deal with them from his own point of view? Equally, yes, of course! But in a magazine supposedly above the level of the professional profiteers in prejudice and bigotry, one looks for a treatment of the subject better informed, more logically reasoned, and, above all, one showing far more comprehension of *what* the Catholic Church really is, than the maundering, vacuous, spineless thing written by "Lester P. Eliot," whoever he may happen to be.

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The man either does not know what he is writing about—for example, when he deals with the seventy-year-old struggles in the Church over the lay trustee system—or else: well, you may draw your own inference. To place the whole emphasis of that struggle on the effort of the hierarchy to maintain the financial control of the parishes is stupid, if not mendacious. The lay trustees, at that time, through their attempted control of parochial finances, tried to dictate to the legitimate spiritual authorities, the bishops, on *spiritual* matters: particularly, the choice of pastors. This was not "democracy," as your naive contributor seems to think; it was mere anarchy. For those lay people who wish to express their crude ideas of democracy by picking out and "electing," or hiring, their own "spiritual" ministers, there are hundreds of sects which they may join, or they may, and often do, fix up a new one for themselves; but to assert that any such system has or had or even can have a place in the Catholic Church is simply to betray blank ignorance of that Church and its ethos.

One more point. Your writer's article swarms with plain misstatements of facts—Theodore Roosevelt had another name for it! For example: Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco is described as "long a bitter opponent of progressive labor organizations and one of the forces behind the continued imprisonment of Tom Mooney." Archbishop Hanna has publicly appealed for justice for Tom Mooney, and is known to be a true friend of organized labor. But perhaps your contributor, when he speaks of "progressive" labor organizations, really means "communistic" groups. He is obviously a "liberal," and liberals, of his sort, are gaseously vague. Again: your writer implies that not until Father Coughlin appeared did the Church pay any attention to the claims of the underprivileged for social justice. Has he not read the bishops' joint pastoral letter of 1919? Or the Reconstruction Program of a Committee of the Bishops? Or does he know anything about the work of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference—an episcopal organization—under the direction of Monsignor John A. Ryan; a work which has criss-crossed the country with a network of regional conferences and study clubs dealing with the encyclical letters of Leo XIII and Pius XI on social justice.

But enough of trying to deal seriously with so flimsy and disingenuous an article. I said of it in beginning this letter that it is "weakly vicious." I consider this remark justified by the extraordinarily inept concluding paragraph of your contributor's sloppy stuff. His judgment on the success, or failure, of the Catholic campaign against lubricous films is amazingly wrong; but in his last words he comes a final cropper, when he tells us that the Catholic Church has "surrendered to the decay which has sapped religion in general." There he stands revealed: an old-fashioned "liberal," of the sort that goes far to explain the utter breakdown of the cock-sure, provincial, unreasoning, sentimental troop of "liberals"—sure of only one thing (which is not so), namely, that "religion is the opium of the masses," and who now, amazed and angered at the striding power of the Catholic Church, are exerting all their vicious enmity to check her resurgent movement throughout the world.

I write about his article to you, sir, simply because under H. L. Mencken the *American Mercury* earned an honored place in the estimation of all who care for the dignity, as well as the interest, of journalism. You now sit in Mencken's chair. I can only hope that Mr. Eliot's article is stuff you found in the files, bought by whoever uneasily occupied Mencken's vacated seat in the interval before you took charge. The *American Mercury*, if it wishes to attack the Church—which would be its right to do if it chose—should certainly try to find a writer worthy of such an adventure. —Very truly yours, THE EDITOR.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

WITH MR. ROOSEVELT midway through his first term, estimates were in order and the press supplied them. A fair cross-section of the comment seems to prove that he is where he longed to be: definitely in the middle of the road, with Townsendites to the left and burly reactionaries to the right. Arriving at this position has necessarily involved any number of compromises, few of which are wholly satisfactory and some of which are manifestly bad. Yet anybody who remembers that this is a democracy, and that Huey Long would be the rightful President if enough persons voted for him, will really not find it surprising that Mr. Roosevelt has occasionally placated the wolves. It cannot, of course, be denied that the immediate outlook is far from bright. Congress is tied up in more than a normal number of snarls; and though there is a prospect that the relief bill would be passed in substantially the same form it had when originally submitted to the Senate, less clarity than ever exists concerning the attitude of labor toward the future of the New Deal. Monetary and fiscal uncertainties likewise prevail. But we are far from sharing the view that out-and-out inflation is written in the stars with the finality which is sometimes assumed. Remembering that we live in a country of many ideologies and diverse interests, where the wisest and best of "plans" would meet with organized opposi-

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tion, we confess to a liking for the political genius of Franklin Roosevelt. He has his faults. He has not always chosen his friends cannily. But if he cannot dominate the existing disarray, who is there that can?

Monetary Conflict

ON March 2 pound sterling took a nose dive and stood at 58 percent of its parity with the franc. The dollar was likewise empowered to do more "buy British" than at any time since 1933. It looked very much as if a new currency war were in the offing, and perhaps one is. Significantly enough, during recent weeks when the pound was gradually declining, spokesmen for French and other west-continental monetary interests declared more and more vehemently that the gold-bloc countries were determined to stand pat. Obviously these men want anything but a battle about money. If they are forced to start one, their first move will undoubtedly be a cut of 50 percent. Should Great Britain and the United States take up the challenge, we might eventually get money worth practically nothing—without any equivalent changes in price levels. Now, Walter Lippmann to the contrary notwithstanding, we cannot believe that the British have any desire to establish cheaper sterling. They probably cannot help themselves. General market conditions in London have been so shaky and touchy in weeks past that the March 2 drop was, very likely, just a natural result of existing conditions. For all practical purposes, however, it is quite as bad to have a misfortune occur because one cannot avoid it as to suffer it by reason of someone else's bad intent. If an international monetary agreement can stave off such incidents, it is the duty of the United States to work for it quickly and industriously.

Salutary Words

THE PRIME basis of the Church's opposition to human sterilization is, of course, her conception of human dignity. Independently of the social results, conjectured or proven, of such a policy, she forbids it, as a policy. She would not, for instance, forbid it if it were involved in an operation to save a life. But she would never permit it as part of a eugenic program. Even if the transmission of criminality, abnormality and deficiency were a matter of iron and predictable law, she would maintain that the social problem thus created could not be solved by the mutilation of the potential undesirable parents: partly because the end result would be the destruction of liberty and respect for humanity, but first of all because it is inherently wrong. However, in face of the growing sentiment for sterilization as a social cure-all, it does no harm to remind ourselves how divided medical opinion is on the practise, and how many data from disinterested sources can be mustered against it. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *American Medical Association Journal,* writes useful and salutary words on this point in the New York *Times,* stressing that we do not know enough about deficiency and heredity to make the basis of a sterilization program anything but "pseudo-scientific," and citing illuminating statistics on how it actually works, or does not work. Heredity studies of 103 deficient parents reveal that they produced 228 normal and 110 subnormal children. Of the first group, 78 were definitely super-normal, "a few of them possessing the qualities of genius"! On the other hand, he demonstrates that sterilization laws do not keep deficients from being born. The same eugenic study also embraced 626 normal parents, who produced 946 normal and, inexplicably, 86 subnormal children. Specifically, the Indiana sterilization laws did not prevent the birth of Dillinger; "nor does the ancestry of Dillinger," Dr. Fishbein concludes, "indicate that [such laws] one hundred years ago would have prevented his arrival."

Something to Think About

CATHOLIC citizens in various Eastern communities, and no doubt in other places too, have found on their porches of a Sunday morning copies of the *Golden Age,* a journal published in Brooklyn, New York, by the Rutherfordites. It is likely to make those of them who read it very angry indeed, being interlarded with propaganda of the most outrageous kind against the Church. A recent issue, which reposed on the present writer's doorstep, contained a good half-dozen articles defamatory of Catholic things. Protestant denominations get considerable drubbing, too, but there is no doubt that the real bugaboo of the *Golden Age* is Rome. That stupid gossip of this sort should be peddled round among poorly instructed people is an outrage. Yet there was, in this particular number, a charming bit which we should have hated to miss. M. O. Hillyard, president of the Midland Chemical Laboratories, soap manufacturers of Dubuque, Iowa, is a sponsor of the Rutherford educational program. He was described as such in various Catholic papers, which counseled religious institutions to buy elsewhere. But, reports the said Mr. Hillyard, "every time I lose a barrel order from a Catholic institution, the Lord sends ten more from somewhere else." It begins to look as if the only way to ruin the Midland Chemical Laboratories is to give them Catholic patronage. At all events, we *do* feel that the proper way to deal with the *Golden Age* is to circulate literature about the Church with the same assiduity which characterizes our misguided brethren of Brooklyn.

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LENT, in these modern circumstances, is likely to seem a perfect bore. In so far as the fast has not been lifted by ecclesiastical indult, it consists for the most part of remembering to order fish on specified days and—if one is a bit stricter—of cutting down the dimensions of noonday luncheon. The season therewith lacks continuity. It is a series of pricks to the memory rather than, as is the case in monastic communities, a retirement from self and the world during forty days. As for other voluntary abstinences (from the theatre, or tobacco, or cocktails), they are often socially so inconvenient that it seems wiser not to insist on them. Of course one can make a point of attendance at weekday Masses, and at devotions. Vast numbers of the unemployed will undoubtedly do so. But for the busy a hasty few moments snatched from work seem insignificant. Accordingly we were very much struck by something in the Lenten Pastoral of the Bishop of Hartford—the suggestion that the custom of prayer and reading in common be revived in families. An hour—even a half hour—of this daily throughout Lent, preferably of evenings, would bind the days of Lent together and bathe the household in life-giving spiritualness. It would cost nothing; it would earn much. And gradually it would be a habit accepted with joy, a source of rest and blessedness, and also (in accordance with the right meaning of Lent) a satisfactory method of preparation for the joy of Easter Day.

The Sacred Season

"YOU can laugh at Father Coughlin—you can snort at Huey Long—but this country was never under a greater menace than from the break-up of spontaneous popular cooperation being engineered by the combination of this dangerous demagogy with the direct assault of the old social Neanderthalers—the architects of the 1929 Boom and Bust—and of our five black years of bitter bondage to despair. Peaceful recovery is being threatened with a grinding between the upper and the nether millstones of extreme group selfishness." So spoke General Hugh S. Johnson on the second birthday of the New Deal. Said Father Coughlin on the day preceding: "President Roosevelt has both compromised with the money-changers and conciliated with monopolistic industry. This spirit of compromise has been the predominant weakness of our present leadership to such an extent that it has not disdained to hold out the olive branch to those whose policies are crimsoned with the theories of Sovietism and international Socialism. We cannot applaud a New Deal which, with all its chaotic implications, submits either to the supremacy of a financial overlord more obnoxious than King George III or to the red slavery of an economic Simon Legree more ruthless than the one confronted by a Lincoln. In the past there was no compromise. In the present there can be no compromise, if a new liberty, a further freedom, shall be born." Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, speaking on the New Deal's birthday, declared that 2,550,000 men and women have been returned to employment in industry since March, 1933, and weekly payrolls are $80,700,000 greater. Secretary Wallace cited an increase in the cash income of farmers (and therefore of their purchasing power) from $4,370,000,000 in 1932 to $6,163,000,000 in 1934. Secretary of Commerce Roper said that on the basis of the thirty major economic indices no period of recovery in the nation's history, following on a major depression, had shown a degree of improvement comparable to that since March, 1933. Here we have a fairly complete picture of the state of the nation, including the emotions. The question remains whether those who are willing to compromise and work away at improvement in detail are able to direct the non-compromise extremists into working off their energies against each other, or whether the extremes will converge on the center.

Shall We Compromise or Fight?

A MODEST dispatch from Jersey City contains presages of hope and comfort absent from a great deal of more pretentious news. The Y. W. C. A. employment agency of that city, with the aid of federal funds, has broached the domestic-service problem with so much intelligence and spirit that it seems not unlikely a permanent example or technique may emerge, for the benefit of civilized communities throughout the country. On the basis of the recommendations made by the National Committee on Home Employer and Employee Relationships, a "housemaids' guild" has come into being. It is committed to a voluntary program embracing points like minimum wages and maximum overtime, free weekly periods, conditions of domestic service and life, and so on. At the same time, proper and scientific training in domestic service is being given to the applicants. An effort has been made to extend the appeal of the work to college-bred girls as well as to those of simpler backgrounds, and it is said that some of them have responded. We cannot help thinking that this last fact has particular importance. The history of paid labor in the home has been, for the most part, very inglorious, and both the work and the workers have suffered thereby. Domestic science and the whole routine of the household are matters not at all below the consideration of the trained mind. Educational courses in domestic arts show that this is being increasingly realized.

Jersey City Contribution

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VISITING LADY

By A CASE WORKER

IMPRESSIONS . . . after ten days of case work. Ten days of going, smiling, into the houses of those "on the Welfare." Into shacks and hovels, into cellars and house-cars, into many comfortable homes. Ten days of asking the most personal questions, listening, scribbling, printing on a yellow form—life in tabulation.

Now you ask me for impressions. Oh, I know what you want: generalizations, perhaps constructive comment or suggestions. But I have, as yet, no general impressions. I dare not have. It is all too new to me, too intensely personal. I am too conscious of my own ignorance, my inexperience in social work. My cherished opinions, my pet prejudices, are receiving daily jolts. Emotions, fears, problems that were only words in textbooks, have suddenly become real to me. Life—summarized in a case history.

But you asked me for impressions. Bewilderment and fear and a gnawing anxiety. Anxiety just for food. "Has the flour come yet?" She was old and blear-eyed and crippled with rheumatism, but the ten tin cans of tomato seedlings on her window-sill had red crêpe paper frills about them and her kitchen stove boasted a beautiful polish. "Two weeks ago Friday when my old man was up to the Welfare, they were out of flour." Her eyes were blurred, her voice uncertain. "Then last Friday it rained, and he's sickly-like. I wouldn't let him go. I said we'd get along." So they had got along. For two weeks. Without flour.

Impressions. . . . Pride, and something that is close to despair. "The neighbors twit me about being on the Welfare! Oh, you've no idea what it's like. . . . We've always been respectable people, and we've held up our heads and looked the world in the face and we've worked hard and been honest. But now we're on the town!" Hysteria was rising in her, choking her. Her face was pinched and white, and her blue eyes, as she peered through the window, held a hard, bright hatred. She indicated the houses across the street, first one and then another, scorning them with a twitching finger. "*They've* got a son in prison, and *he's* carrying on with that Ames girl, and *he's* a drunkard, and *they've* got two half-witted children. And *she,*" she pointed at the yellow-brick bungalow, "*she* had the nerve to come over here the other day and complain about the high taxes they have to pay to take care of a 'lot of loafers!'" She was crying. Crying. "Oh, God! That I should have to take talk like that from a *nobody* like her. . . . I wish I were dead!"

Pride. . . . Pride, that in its own interests asks too much, resorts to deception and lies, pride that cheats. . . .

"But I've *got* to have shoes!" she said, and thrust out her feet for me to look at the shoes she was wearing. They were old and worn, with holes through the soles, but they had once been stilt-heeled and shiny patent leather. They had, somehow, a familiar appearance, just as her urgent voice told a familiar story. "A person can't go barefoot, this weather! Others are getting new shoes, I guess I'm entitled to new shoes, too!" Petulant, she was, angry, insistent; but somehow the anger did not quite ring true, the petulance seemed forced. Only her insistence was real.

I examined the shoes more closely, again with that haunting sense of familiarity. They were a size too short for her, a width too narrow. There was a spot of green paint on one heel, and two knife-like slashes on the other. And suddenly I knew. I had seen those shoes before. Yesterday. On another woman's feet. Perhaps I had seen them even before that, on still other women's feet. Community shoes. Saved, hoarded really, with one single purpose: to impress the visiting lady with their certain proof of poverty.

"I got as much right to have new shoes as anybody else!" she said fiercely.

Impressions. . . . Squalor and filth and disease and incompetence. I went into a kitchen where coal lay heaped on the floor, and where packing-boxes served as table and chairs, and all the dishes were tin. There was a cat, and five half-starved hound pups shivering in a big box. The dogs darted at me, leaping upward hopefully. Then, disappointed of food, they slunk back to the box.

The woman, yellow-faced and snub-nosed, stood beside the stove seeking a warmth that was not there. She wore a shawl, and two coats, both dingy brown, and her feet, in men's shoes, were made ludicrous by spats.

She didn't know her name. "They call me Korda," she said. "Some do."

I thought that the difficulty might be one of language.

"Yes," she said, chafing her cold fingers, "my pa and ma spoke some furrin talk. I don't know

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what. They tried to teach me it, but I couldn't learn. My sister, *she* learned it," she finished proudly.

"How old are you?" I asked desperately.

"I'm nine," she said.

"When were you married?"

"Last year," she murmured vaguely.

"How many children have you?"

"I got nine. . . . He's nine years old."

But she could only tell me the names of two of them, and I'd heard from the neighbors that she had, actually, eleven. With another one coming.

"You ought to go down to the tracks and talk to my man," she said, when my questions baffled her completely. "He's down there putting off coal. *I* don't know much, but *he* can talk real good."

Feeble-minded. And eleven children. With another coming.

Once I failed completely in the interview. Oh, I got all the facts, and tabulated them neatly, and the man will continue to get his coal, which is all the help he needs. Nevertheless, I failed completely.

It was one room, in a basement. I knocked, and there was a sound of movement within, and a gruff voice invited me to come in. I knocked again, more insistently. At the third knock, the door swung open. I walked in, introducing myself as I entered.

It was dark inside—dark and filthy. A bed, half-curtained off, filled one cave-like corner. A stove, two chairs, a table laden with grease-congealed dishes. . . . I turned to the man, smiling. Then for the first time, I realized that he was not properly dressed—that he was, actually, not dressed at all.

I suppose I gave him one startled glance. Perhaps he, too, was startled. At any rate, he turned, and dressed himself hastily, while apologizing: "You got to excuse me lady. I'm batching it here."

I wasn't afraid of him. Disgusted, rather. He was too fat and blear-eyed and dirty. His wife had divorced him after thirty years of marriage. "I don't remember the grounds," he evaded. "I sold my house after she quit me, and gave up my job and my insurance. That was the best way out of it. She wanted to grab everything. . . . Yeah, I had kids, too. She got them. I don't know where they are." There was bitterness in his brief statements, but I didn't think of that, then. All I could think of was my own rush to finish the interview and get out of that smell-ridden room. "I just don't feel good," he volunteered. "The doctor gave me a blood test, but I guess he don't know what's wrong."

He leaves that den with its dirt and filth to go wash dishes in a night restaurant. There is state supervision of restaurants. But how about the employees—their living conditions and health?

I failed in that interview. I was impersonal, businesslike, crisp. But there is a story behind the bare facts of his divorce. Had I shown him just a little bit of understanding, he would have told me that story. He wanted to tell. The desire to confide was hidden in all his muttered half-sentences. He is living there alone, lonely, perhaps sick. Perhaps I could have helped him in some way—in some other way than by merely writing a fuel order.

But I failed.

Impressions. . . . The ignorance that is born of inexperience. "That damned crook that sold me these bonds!" he said. "I'd like to string him sky-high!"

"Did you foresee this depression?" I asked. (Be tactful! Don't say too much. But he's hating that bond salesman, blaming all his troubles on him.) "Of course you didn't. None of us did. Probably that bond salesman was no wiser than we. The bonds were good at the time he sold them to you. You know what has happened to the real estate market. You've just been telling me about your own property here—that you couldn't sell it for a third of what you paid for it, if you could sell it at all. You've just told me that you haven't been able to pay the interest on the mortgage. Do you suppose that the widow who holds that mortgage is blaming *you* for the whole depression?"

It was, I hoped, the sort of crude and personal illustration that he could appreciate. And he did appreciate it. Slowly, reluctantly, with a wry chewing of his mustache. "She *is* kind of sore at me," he admitted. "Same as told me, t'other night, that I could pay if I wanted to."

"It's human nature to blame our troubles on the other person," I said. "She's blaming you, and you blame the salesman."

"I guess that's so," he admitted. He tilted his chair against the wall, and suddenly all his wrinkled old face was alive with laughter. "Kind of funny, ain't it? I guess we all kind of got our come-uppances—huh? Her and me and everybody. Even them big bankers!"

Impressions. . . . Sickness, old age. And a fine, proud independence. A little old woman, half paralyzed, sitting in a litter of sewing materials trying to make herself a new dress. A neat black and white percale dress, bought with the "egg money." She was living alone, in one room, the dining room, because the rest of the house was too cold. Eighty-four years old.

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"I make me a fire in the wood stove in the kitchen, mornings," she said, "and cook me up some vittles, and then I make them last the rest of the day." She smiled apologetically. "I don't get around so good, no more, and building a fire's kind of a chore. Besides, *two* fires burns up wood awful fast."

I asked her about her health, and if she had seen a physician recently, and she said with simple dignity: "I don't run after doctors. I go to the drug store and get me some medicine, and I take it. And last winter, I went out in the woods and got me some swamp root for my kidneys. It helped me some. . . . No, I ain't got any medicine now. You know how it is. Little bills crop up here and there, and there's only the egg money to pay them with. But I manage."

The neighbors had applied for aid for her. "It was a surprise," she admitted, "but the groceries sure have helped out. Although I guess I wouldn't have asked for them, myself. I wasn't brought up to beg. But the neighbors did it, and I'm grateful. I've got awful good neighbors."

She shouldn't be living there alone. What is the solution? There is the County House. Not that. She wouldn't want that, and she's better off where she is. Happier. Alone, in the house where she was born. But independent.

Some morning, smoke will not rise from that single chimney, and then the "awful good neighbors" will come hurrying in. . . .

Impressions. . . . Most people ask for relief only as a last resort. But there are those who take it as their due, their right—a debt owed by society to them—and their whole philosophy is summed up in that phrase I have heard so often: "Others are getting it. Why can't I?"

Sometimes these people have lived for years on government pensions: relief is, to them, no more than another form of pension, with no more stigma attached to it than to any other pension; with, indeed, less stigma, because the more recent pensions imply a physical disability.

Such as the wife of the Spanish-American War veteran, who snapped at me petulantly: "Well, of course we never tried to save anything. We never thought we had to. Because we thought that even if everything else went wrong, there was the pension. My goodness, I don't know what Congress was thinking of, to take it away from us! Well, of course we'll get it back again, come next election time; but my goodness! What are we going to do in the meantime?"

Then there was the Spanish-American War veteran with a pension of $50 a month and five children who moved in with the widow of the World War veteran who owned a house. "He had to have somebody to take care of his kids," she explained, "and of him, too, when he gets his sick spells. He got hit by a street car ten years ago, and hurt his back. And I had this house." The arrangement was certainly practical, if not conventional, and it worked well enough—until he lost his pension.

"I ought to have a pension, too," she complained. "My fourth husband was a World War veteran, and he died five years ago of tuberculosis. Gassed in the war, he was. But they won't give me a pension. I been trying ever since. And I hain't married again, neither. I ought to have that pension just as much as anybody." She peered at me with calculating eyes. "Maybe you could do something about it?"

I said that I couldn't do anything.

Sometimes I don't see things. . . . I went into one house, perhaps the barest and most poverty-stricken I have seen. There was no window-pane in one of the two windows, and the wind whistled through. There was a couch, a few wooden chairs, a stove. The water pipes were frozen.

I was talking to an old man, crippled with rheumatism, and half-blind from cataracts on his eyes. "A person has to take things as they come," he said. "We've had some hard luck, that I don't deny, but all we've asked the Welfare for was one ton of coal. It was when the kids was sick, two weeks ago. My son-in-law said then that he supposed we'd have to come to it. For the kids' sake. But we didn't want to, and I guess we won't ask for anything again. You can take us off your list, if you will please, miss."

I went into the kitchen to talk to the son-in-law.

There was a pail on the floor, and small, greyish feathers scattered about. The son-in-law had something small and greyish half-concealed between his two big hands. He looked up at me with startled eyes. He jumped to his feet, and a little cloud of feathers drifted downward from that greyish something in his hand. What kind of feathers? I didn't ask. I didn't see.

There were fish nets on the wall. Big nets, with meshes about an inch square. Wet nets. "My wife makes them," he said, when he saw me looking at them. Perhaps she had. But the nets were not new. I am under the impression that seining is illegal. I asked no questions.

"We won't have to have any more help," the son-in-law said. "We'll get along." He was a little defiant, a little furtive—distrustful of me.

There's that house, with the broken window and the frozen water pipes: merely writing my report and closing a case isn't going to keep out the cold wind. The children have colds, and the half-blind old man has rheumatism. Yet they asked me for nothing.

What should I do?

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THE NEW IRELAND

By W. E. WALSH

Recent social and economic changes in Ireland have provoked a great deal of discussion. In the following paper, by a Canadian writer, there is to be discerned, we think, genuine friendliness for the Irish Free State as well as a measure of genuine objectivity. Mr. Walsh discusses the livestock question, the newer industrial developments, the condition of agriculture, and kindred matters. We hope to present another article on the same subject from a somewhat different point of view.—The Editors.

THE FOLLOWING is taken from a recent issue of the London *Morning Post*, the once staid and dignified organ of "die-hard" Toryism in England:

> The Red Ensign flutters bravely from the flagstaff of the Royal Kingston Yacht Club. It is the last glimpse of the empire and of Ireland's prosperous past. Beyond it lie the towns and pastures of a land that is cheerfully, gladly and admittedly heading for bankruptcy, ruin and—Communism.
>
> The staple trade of the country, on which she subsisted for centuries, is crushed to the verge of extinction. Ministers and deputies vie with each other in clamoring for the *coup-de-grace*. The livestock industry, they claim, must be abolished. The farmer's land must be snatched from him and turned over to wheat.
>
> Large farmers all over the country are following each other to ruin. Small farmers follow in their wake. The tradesmen and laborers follow after—and vote again for de Valera. . . .

O tempora! O mores! A people rushing devotedly to ruin, forgetting all the benefits conferred on it by a generous English government!

It may be remarked in passing that the correspondent of the *Morning Post* is somewhat weak in history. The Irish people have not subsisted "for centuries" on the livestock industry; that industry is less than a century old. It came into existence after the abolition of the Corn Laws. When wheat could no longer be exported profitably, the landlord cleared his human chattels off the land and replaced them with bullocks. Ireland at that time was producing about 600,000 bushels, not to feed her people but to pay rackrents to an absentee landowner.

The land is now going back to wheat. It is not being "snatched" from the farmer, as the *Morning Post* writer says. On the contrary, it is being taken from the prosperous rancher, expropriated and paid for, and given to the unprosperous farmer; and after nearly a century as pastureland it ought to grow the best of wheat. Ireland needs about 800,000 bushels to feed her people, and should grow it instead of importing it.

The London *Morning Post* never wasted tears on the plight of the tenant-farmer, who for centuries had to live virtually on a potato diet, but it is hysterical in its grief now it is evident the economic war instituted by the British government has hurt chiefly the friends of England in Ireland and increased unemployment in the coal fields of Wales.

A recent article in an English daily is entitled: "Recoil of the Special Duties." It reports a debate on the Finance Bill in the British House of Commons. A member (Mr. George Hall) moved a new clause providing that the Irish Free State Special Duties Act, 1932, be repealed.

> For two years there had been a fiscal conflict between Britain and the Free State which was inflicting damage on the trade of both countries. He was not sure whether the trade of Britain was not suffering even worse than the trade of the Free State. The fiscal war was affecting South Wales more than any other part of the country. In the first five months of 1932 they exported to Ireland nearly 1,000,000 tons of coal. For the first five months of this year exports were down to 500,000 tons. At present there were thousands of miners unemployed almost entirely as the result of this fiscal conflict. . . .
>
> Mr. Rhys Davies supported the plea made by Mr. Hall, and said that since the government came into office trade agreements had been made with nearly all the countries in the world. . . . He pointed out that Lancashire, especially in the trade with regard to cattle, had felt severely the effect of the dispute. . . . They (themselves) had made default in debt payments, but he was sure the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be very much offended if the United States . . . imposed duties so that they would get from Britain the money which was owing. . . .

These excerpts will suffice to show that if the "Special Duties" pinch they do so impartially on both sides of the Irish Sea. There is also on each side a difference of opinion; but the seeker for truth will have to take into account the contrast between the hyperbole of the *Morning Post* and the quiet confidence with which President de Valera presented the 1934 Irish Budget, and its reception by Irish newspapers generally.

President de Valera in a speech delivered recently spoke as follows:

> Relatively we are one of the most prosperous countries in Europe. When I said that a few days

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> before the budget was introduced, I was sneered at in the press and in the Dail. Yet the fact is that we are sixth in a list of nine creditor countries. Our banks have something like £100,000,000 in liquid securities, the currency commission has £7,000,000 in similar securities; our national income from investments was about £12,000,000—a tremendously strong financial position. . . .

The president of the Council might have added that the net direct public debt is now only £17,000,000, a reduction of £5,500,000 since his government took office. This compares with the public debt of Denmark, £70,000,000, and of Switzerland, £115,000,000.

In an article published in the April number of the *Irish Review* Sean Lemass, Minister for Industry and Commerce, gives an outline of his plans for the development of Irish industries. After touching on the difficulties of the first government of the Free State, faced with the unpleasant task of forcing the Treaty on unwilling national elements, he describes the first attempt to use the legislative and fiscal powers of Dail Eireann to promote economic development.

In spite of the action of the British government in instituting the so-called "economic war," a measure of success was achieved. More than 300 factories have been established, new forms of agricultural production adopted, and natural resources, long neglected, are being developed. For the first time in many centuries Ireland is being courted by foreign nations. German, French, Belgian and American business men and diplomatic agents are coming to Dublin, seeking contracts for the equipment of new factories or to negotiate trade agreements which will bring Irish products into new markets.

Industries which were dying out have been revived. Flour-milling, manufactures of boots and shoes, wearing-apparel, woolens, linens, glass and many others are booming. Demand in some cases exceeds production, and many factories are working overtime. Plans are in progress for new sugar refineries, cement mills, tanneries, a rubber-tire factory, a paper mill, a cotton factory, industrial alcohol distilleries, and other plants. The mineral resources of the island are being explored, with particular regard to the necessity of making the country independent of foreign fuel by the operation of coal areas and the extended use of peat for domestic and industrial purposes.

The present writer purchased in the Dublin shops such Irish manufactures as hosiery, underwear, pajamas and clothing, and is satisfied that they compare favorably, in style and quality, with English and American products, and at a very much lower cost. The Irish worker generally is possessed of an excellent natural taste for pattern and design, as has been proved long ago in cottage industries: textiles and lace-work, and the older manufactures of china and glass. Given time and experience, Irish industries should be able to compete on equal terms with the products of other countries. In the meantime they will have protection and assistance from an intensely earnest and resourceful government.

A few words, perhaps, would not be out of place with regard to what is being done in the Gaeltacht, the Irish-speaking districts. Textile handicrafts, that is, products of hand and loom, are well established and well known and need only government help and advice in the extension of markets. The machine, in these districts, has not yet displaced the cunning of the hand. There is here a traditional skill which gives to the product an individuality which the machine cannot hope to counterfeit. The people who inherited and kept alive the oral literature and traditional music have inherited also the genius for design which gave to the world the Book of Kells and such Celtic ornaments as the Tara Brooch and the Cross of Cong. The Free State government has taken measures to insure that the technical skill of the workers shall be maintained, while wider markets are being found and new methods of distribution established. The State Department is sending to these localities instructors who have graduated in the various crafts. Materials are purchased and supplied through a central organization which also takes care of distribution. Irish hand and hand-loom products—tweeds, textiles, lace, crochet-work, poplin fabrics and manufactures of poplin—have already attracted attention at industrial fairs throughout the world.

I motored into the Wicklow hills one evening by way of Rathfarnham and Bohernabreena. We stopped at a small farm in the hills overlooking Glencree. I had a long talk with the farmer. Nowhere in the world will you find better talkers than among these men who scratch a scant living out of a few acres, a few sheep, a few pigs, a few chickens. They are sometimes readers, and almost always thinkers. The life, he said, was not an easy one. But it might be worse. It was better anyway than in the old days when he was a boy. Nobody was starving. Food was cheap and plentiful. They had meat two or three times a week now, whereas in the past they were lucky if they had it once in a month. The children were better fed; they were better off in every way. They were getting a good education, and they had doctors and dentists to examine them at the schools; they were growing up under an improved social system. Ireland was a different country since they got the right to govern themselves. "In my young days," he added with a laugh, "we got a little schooling and not much else."

When he spoke about housing I remembered my first visit to Ireland, in the late nineties. A pic-

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ture came back to me of the hovels the tenant farmers lived in then. They were indeed better off. This man's house was a palace compared with what I remembered.

The following week I motored through the ranch lands of Meath, Westmeath and Longford, where much of the fat cattle which used to be exported to England was raised. Three hundred thousand acres, I was told, were being divided among the smaller farmers, with more in prospect. Before long there would be homes scattered over these verdant plains where for nearly a century there had been nothing but roving cattle.

At Sligo I was the guest of a prominent merchant and manufacturer, ex-mayor of the town. He was against the government, but he had no objection to showing me the good work the government was doing, with the cooperation of municipal and County Councils. He was against De Valera because as a capitalist he was instinctively conservative, and had a great respect for a country as financially powerful as England. No good could come of quarreling with her. He was for O'Duffy because the leader of the Blue Shirts wanted the government to make peace with England, though he wouldn't go so far as to favor resuming payments of the annuities. How he could make peace otherwise was not explained.

My host showed me with pride the new workmen's cottages: rows of pink-tiled houses as neat as a new pin, which rent for four and sixpence a week. This is the best kind of social legislation. The National government contributes two-thirds of the cost, and the municipal bodies one-third. Farm laborers are provided with similar cottages in the country, with an acre of ground for kitchen garden, at a rental of one and sixpence a week.

Has the millenium arrived? Not quite. But the world is growing better. Tolerance and fair play, which have been used so much, especially among English-speaking people, as pious expressions, are beginning to get something more than lip service. The *Morning Post,* to which the empire means more than right or justice, unwittingly did Ireland a service. That which came out of it is the best thing that has happened in Ireland in many a day. It may be the forerunner of a better understanding between the separated parts which are, after all, both Irish. If the Protestants south of the Ulster boundary are getting a square deal, and have no fear as to the future, why should the northerners be afraid? The one thing which stands as an insuperable obstacle to Ireland's progress is partition.

The hard-headed northerners are missing a great opportunity. They should bring the superior ability of which they are so modestly proud to the assistance of their less gifted brothers in the south. Now that the Free State government has shown that the twenty-six counties are still financially sound they could step in and see that prosperity is made permanent. No one knows so well as the Ulsterman how valuable his services would be in the larger sphere. Also he would bring about 500,000 votes to the shaping of Ireland's destiny.

This is the one chance that partition, "the running sore," may be brought to an end. The Six Counties is, after all, but an amputated limb, and gangrene is apt to set in. If the time ever comes when the shrewd northerner can see no possibility of material success in so limited an area, his prejudices will not hold him back. The Pope may yet become respectable in Derry.

PEACE IN THE ROMAN CATACOMBS

By W. MICHAEL DUCEY

THE DEAD past comes to life in a city of the dead. The Catacombs of St. Domitilla, long rows of burial chambers radiating from the memorial basilica of the holy martyrs Nereus and Achilleus, resound again with echoes of an ancient song sober in its measured rhythm, dignified in its subdued cadences, yet fraught with mysterious power that stirs the depths of listening souls. Sublime truths of faith, dogmas first visualized in the rising dawn of Christian history, take on form and stature as this song enwraps them in appropriate sound. Resplendent in pristine glory they seem to fill these ghostly halls with beauty at once tangible and transcendent, overpowering us with a sense of contact with the Divine, drawing us into their mystic depths and there nourishing our hungry souls. Being liturgical song, it doubtless shares the genius of holy Church's symbolism of rite and prayer in which the marvels of Christ's blessed Redemption are enshrined, and through which we see and touch what otherwise is so invisible and intangible. Our song thus evoked a vision of eternal blessedness—that vision which inspired the early Christian frescoes and mosaics and inscriptions on sarcophagi and burial tablets all around us.

For in a city of the dead, we sang of life and hope and victory in Christ, on Christmas Day. Our phalanx of black-robed Benedictine monks would celebrate, even here in this Stygian cavern underground where air is dank and clammy, the

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Birthday of Him Whose conquering career began in Bethlehem's cave. Here we would acclaim His victory, surrounded by the impressive memorials of its glorious first fruits, the Christian martyrs. Both He and they fought and conquered with heroic valor the arch-enemy of mankind. Of life and glory then we sang, in this city of the dead: *"Sanctorum meritis, Gloria Deo:* Hail to the Martyrs, Hail to Christ the new-born King!" He came bringing life unto us all, most abundantly to those who died witnessing their faith in Him, sharing in death the transforming wonders of His Resurrection.

Our song continued, as we voiced the longing of the ancient Hebrew world for its Redeemer, a longing which Mother Church feels ardently too and expresses in her Advent liturgy: *"Rorate Coeli! Ostende nobis Domine! O Oriens, veni!* . . . Shed forth ye heavens blessed dew upon us, show us oh Lord thy mercy, come, oh rising Sun of Justice, enlighten us who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!" And in the dark shadows of those Catacombs our flickering candles shed soft radiance upon a scene of death, as once a heavenly Star shone forth upon a darkened world to bring God's answer to His pleading people.

And then the Christmas Gospel rang out in solemn tones. *"In illo tempore:* in those days there went forth an edict from Caesar Augustus," and we were told again the authentic details of the coming of the Christ Child, born now mystically again upon the altar of our Eucharistic sacrifice bringing life to all once more. *"Facta est:* a great multitude of angels was heard singing: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will' "; and gladly did we take up again this hymn of praise, even in this city of the dead. For if the world still sees no glory in a pile of dust, no peace save that of ignoble capitulation to mortality, in this vast synthesis of human bones, we who are privileged to dwell under the radiance of Bethlehem's bright Star, know no other death but that which forfeits true Life at this life's ending. Exultingly we sang: *"Natus est:* a Child is born to us, with Empire on His shoulders," whose Birth was life, and peace and charity for all, whose Death in agony was the death-blow to that fearsome monster, sin.

Epiphany's glad message too we clothed in song, with Mother Church specially proclaiming the blessings of that splendid effulgence of divine light following in the train of our King's descent to earth. Solemnly again rang out the prophetic Epistle of this feast, telling the grandeur of that brilliant revelation from on high which was to show man once again the ways of Truth, point out the paths by which the nations from near and far could find again the immortal treasures of their destiny. *"Christus apparuit, venite adoremus:* Christ hath appeared, God at last hath shown us His very Son: come let us hasten to adore," our chant resounded; and finally, with Mary His Virgin Mother and most privileged adorer, we joined in the grand *Magnificat* anthem: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour: Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Thus ended our tribute of love and welcome to the Royal Babe, there in that historic spot that witnessed the first springtime of the Christian faith. Fondly we hoped the world had listened, grasping the mystic spirit of our chant as radio's waves cast it upon the broad ocean of the upper air. Prayerfully we trusted that many hearts were touched and quickened with that vision of life and peace there so truthfully revealed, there where death and strife and all mortal affliction grow roseate in the glow of heaven's eternal dawning. *"Pax Christi—vivas in Christo, in refrigerium:* Live on O Christian soul in the Peace of Christ, in the security of His embrace forever."

That is doubtless the message of the Catacombs to souls wearied and afraid, in times like these. Wars and rumors of wars, restless strugglings to attain a meed of earthly comfort, while our heroic Christian forefather strove only for what faith and virtue and abnegation could earn in life's short span. *Pax Christi aeterna:* the Peace of the Catacombs, of life in Christ: precious undying wage of that strange commerce when wealth and comfort and even lusty life were bartered willingly away, at the mute behest of an Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, of a Man dying in shame and agony. The Peace of Christ which in His heaven is but the eternal counterpart of peace on earth among men of charity and good-will, the full flowering of those seeds of love whose planting in the thorny soil of pagan culture evoked the amazed acclaim: "See how these Christians love one another!" That peace in charity which knows no need of philanthropy or legislative budgetings for the poor, but casts its all at the feet of him who wants, conscious of no law save that of fellowship in Christ our Brother.

Even to our times there in these humble Catacombs is to be found a social formula whose details are as simple as they are monumental, and whose successful execution demands only allegiance to Him Who holds at bay all that can hurt or harm. Poverty no evil when embraced for sake of heavenly riches, pain no burden when suffered to emulate the King of Glory, death always a joy and doubly so when it comes from witnessing to the truths of faith—how simple yet how sublime an ideal for Christians all to follow! Especially for those who live close to the grand reality of sacramental life in Christ, breathing the mystic air of immortality that radiates from Him Whose Redemption is our own through Liturgy.

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ETHNOPOLITICS AND THE INDIANS

By JULIUS E. LIPS

WITH the recent passage of the Wheeler-Howard Bill (S. 2755, H. R. 7902) the government of the United States has accomplished something which bids fair to usher in a new political era in the colonial activity of the white race. For the first time in the history of the United States an attempt is being made to place America's "red children" on a par with the white people of the country by so formulating the law that the ethnopolitical situation of the Indian is taken into account. For the first time in the history of colonization by the white race the native is no longer the object of political domination, but has rather become independent, a self-determining fellow creature, elevated to the status of a partner with equal rights. It is not so much the actual detail of the bill, or the appropriations made, as the spirit expressed in this law, which quickens the pulse of every ethnologist and anthropologist, for in this bill are embodied for the first time principles which scholars and enlightened colonial administrators have advocated and attempted to advance for many years.

The relation of the white race to their colonial peoples remained throughout the centuries a field of imperialistic experimentation, primarily in the realm of economics. This is true of America as well as of the European nations. While the time is past when a Pope Paul III in the year 1537 had to issue a decree that savages were human beings and not animals or creatures of the devil, nevertheless for centuries the white man's relation to alien peoples has been dictated wholly by the law of might. These old conceptions, which arose in the period of exploration, were succeeded by the "monopolistic," "mercantile" and finally "realistic" colonial policies of the European powers. Although methods changed or were called by other names, nevertheless in conceptions of colonial administration from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century the native continued an object of exploitation. It is of little moment in this connection that France regarded her colonies primarily as recruiting depots, while Germany, England, Belgium and Holland considered their colonial possessions primarily as sources of commercial power and areas for exploitation. That from this outlook no benefit accrued to the natives themselves should be evident. Only after war, when the native cultures, especially those of Africa, had suffered a catastrophic breakdown, did an outcry arise demanding complete revision of colonial policies. The storm of protests against outmoded theories came from scientific circles, and especially from ethnology. In England it was Pitt-Rivers who introduced the formula for the new colonial policy:

> There is the problem of realizing the white man's interests in black man's country, that is the former's aspect of the problem, and there is the black man's problem, the problem of maintaining his own existence, identity and welfare. Neither side should be considered without the other, for they are both part of the same problem.

The concept of ethnopolitics comes from the Swede, Kjellén, the founder of the geopolitical school, in whose usage the concept has reference only to constitutional law. I brought it into ethnology at the Ethnological Congress in Leipzig in 1929, and in my writings, and it was adopted in ethnological terminology. In 1930, F. Termer in his work "On the Ethnology and Ethnography of Southern Central America" ("Zur Ethnologie und Ethnographie des südlichen Mittleamerika") writes:

> The problems of and the future investigations among the aborigines of Central America, to take this region as an example, must be directed sociopolitically, or ethnopolitically—if we wish to make use of the concept coined by Rudolf Kjellén and brought into modern ethnology by Julius Lips.

Ethnopolitics is a division of ethnology with theoretical as well as practical implications. The theoretical foundations interest us less here: they stand in opposition to prevailing doctrines, chiefly those in Europe, and insist upon a "dynamic ethnology" which paves the way for explanation and clarification of the ever-present polar interrelation between man and culture. Man, and the human spirit and human will, have always been in the midst of cultural process, not culture elements but culture complexes. The living carrier of a culture and his cultured drives are more important and richer in implications for the investigation than the culture itself, which, without an exhibition of its relations to the living men who share it, remains a mere empty vessel. To this configuration of problems of an ethnopolitical nature belong:

(1) The explanation of the nature of a culture element, a culture complex, or a culture area, its independent origin or its adoption, its spread by migration or diffusion, and the sources and determinants of this diffusion. But in such a consideration of culture we cannot treat aspects geographically and statistically merely as given stages of an evolution, but we must consider them

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in terms of their psychological determinants. (2) The interrelation of individual, group, tribe and people with the culture element, culture complex, culture stratum and culture area. (3) The psychological, sociological and political hypotheses about culture phases and culture change, not only among prehistoric and primitive peoples, but also among civilized peoples of ancient and modern times. (4) The influence of one culture on another and the objective and subjective conditions of the interaction. (5) Finally, perhaps as the *ultimate goal,* the determination on the basis of the data of *regularities* in culture development, culture phases and culture change, although not in the sense of laws of the natural sciences, which of late have themselves been challenged in mathematics and physics, but in the sense of approximate or statistical law, perhaps even in the sense of a conception of sociological prediction.

The ethnopolitical approach naturally cannot restrict itself to primitive man, but must also take into account to some extent the impact of European or American culture, whose effects upon primitive peoples offer numerous object lessons for ethnopolitical consideration and investigation. Thus the problems in the study of these peoples are ethnopolitical ones. I refer to the many peoples whose cultures are mixtures of native and European elements where in future ethnological investigation can no longer settle cultural problems by means of our former methodology, but only with the aid of ethnopolitical methods of inquiry. This applies not only to the American but also to European peoples with colonial possessions. This, however, brings us specifically to the practical significance of ethnopolitics.

A well-known case is the Herero war in southwest Africa, which cost many thousands in dead and wounded. This war resulted from German misunderstanding of the current legal point of view, in consequence of which unjustifiable land transfers were carried out through the chief. The tribespeople refused to accept these transactions since it was the counsel of the elders rather than that of the chief which should have been followed. It was from this misapprehension of the native legal viewpoint—an ignorance of ethnopolitical factors — that the war finally came. Here is an example of how European legal concepts cannot be applied to native legal situations.

The new Indian Bill is ethnopolitically oriented. It has fully adopted the ideas above outlined, and the preliminary plans, carried out on broad, liberal lines, have eventuated in a product which may well serve as a shining example to European powers—save I fear the bill may there find no echo. It is to the cooperation of many prominent American ethnologists who understand the Indian spirit, who know the place that cultural tradition plays in the life of the Indian, that we owe the fact that the bill has been so formulated. The manner of the regulation of Indian land tenure shows a profound understanding of their social and economic tradition. At last the allotment system which worked such injustice upon the Indian has been abandoned. Formerly it was not recognized that the Indian social and economic organization was based on the community and not on the individual, that most legal rules, and particularly those dealing with land, concerned the community and not the individual. By partitioning land into individual plots a point of view revolutionary to Indian conceptions of property law was introduced, which, through the arrangement of the patent in fee simple and the forced patent, led to the complete breakdown of Indian land tenure.

In addition to this new regulation of land holdings, means have been provided for the establishment of cooperative communities governed by the Indians themselves, for the extension of credit, and for putting them economically on their own feet.

The extensive educational program provides for attendance at professional or commercial schools and finally at colleges and universities. In the interest of self-government and administration by the Indians it is proposed to replace the white officials of the Indian service with qualified Indians.

The union of different Indian tribes of the same reservation can be established by majority decision of Indians over twenty-one, so that self-government can theoretically correspond to larger communities of states. On the other hand no Indian group is compelled to adopt the provisions of the bill, but the option of self-government is left wholly in their hands.

With remarkable insight ethnopolitical conceptions are here embodied, in that justice is done to the interests of both peoples, red and white.

In this attempt to rebuild Indian life, we cannot, however, turn back the wheels of time, since the process of assimilation of Indian culture to American civilization will and should go on. But, on the other hand, what is of value in Indian culture should be preserved for the good of the Indians.

No doubt the success of the bill depends to a very great extent on the manner in which it is administered, as well as upon the men who carry it through. In the case of every specific measure men will be needed who thoroughly understand the temperament of the Indian, who understand their spirit and their body traditions, and in whom the Indians themselves have confidence. It will not suffice merely to actualize the provisions of the bill, but in addition it is necessary

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that the younger generation of Indians rekindle their affection for the old culture, which in many cases has already been almost destroyed, so that they no longer look down upon the old men of the tribe, but once more come to realize what values existed in their old culture.

Side by side with American history, the history of their own tribe should be studied, and side by side with the English language, their own language. The old industrial achievements, which on occasion reached a high esthetic level, and the old native techniques should be practised, since it is possible to be at one and the same time a good Indian and a good citizen of the United States.

The accomplishments of these ends depends naturally in great part upon the above-mentioned factors. But America has such a great reservoir of ethnologically trained men that the difficulties are not insuperable. At the same time, in the course of carrying out the new Indian Bill, the finest opportunity is offered for a thorough-going study of Indian cultures before these old cultures are destroyed by American-European civilization. Above all it would be important in this connection—and this involves fundamental rights of the Indian—to collect together the laws of the American Indian tribes, which would be of fundamental significance not only for science but for the practise of the New Deal.

It is a coincidence that at the same time that discussions of the new Indian Bill are going on, a European nation, viz., Sweden, is concerned with similar questions. The case is that of the Lapps, who call themselves Samen. This little people, living in the northern province of Sweden and numbering about 7,000 souls, have a nomadic way of life, breed the reindeer and may have lived uninterrupted in their territory for more millenia than any other people in Europe. The conception appears in literature as early as Ptolemy, and is concurred in especially by the Norwegian scientists Nummedal and Bjórn, that the Lappish people are direct descendants of people of the Ice Age. On November 7, 1933, the Swedish Lapps submitted a petition to the Swedish King which had as its purpose to settle once and for all their ethnic individuality and their relations with the dominant Swedish culture. The petition takes accurately into account European minority differences. Discussions of the Lapp question have not ended, and it seems to me that the new Indian bill of the American government can well show the way for the settlement of Sweden's Lapp question.

At the same time, however, at which this historic document, the new Indian bill, fully establishes an equality between the oft warred-upon red race and the dominant white race, the official German colonial policy under National Socialistic leadership has been epitomized in the following sentence (published in June, 1934):

> By virtue of the natural superiority of the white races, it is their right and their duty, by favorable qualitative and quantitative measures, to adjust the colored races as a given and irreplaceable labor force . . . and thus to achieve the thorough domination of the earth by the white races.

Two documents—the new Indian Bill and the official National Socialist colonial policy—two documents and two worlds.

BLOODY GROUND

By GEORGE STEWART

I GAVE my pass to the dull-eyed Slav at the gate and went within the grounds of the Citadel at Warsaw. Dust was over everything. The trees and the grass were grey with it. A wistful rosebush grew before an officers' club, alien to a stony military soil, its petals stained with the ground-up earth. French army trucks crashed by, details and platoons on police duty passed and repassed in slovenly disorder. A prisoner in blues was picking up papers, followed by a guard whose naked bayonet glinted in the sun. A sidecar skidded into the highway, spurting dust over me, bearing a staff lieutenant wearing a monocle and many decorations. I heard him laugh as his driver opened the throttle and sped on. A water cart tried vainly to lay the dust.

From the blacksmith shop came the music of iron on iron. Outside its door, from which smoke was pouring, stood a picket line of horses eating the salt sweat from each other's manes and huddling closely the better to fight the flies.

All about me were the usual comings and goings of an army post. Everyone at work moved with the slowness of those who know there are ten men for every job and what is not completed today can wait for tomorrow. After numerous turnings I arrived at the office of the Commandant.

The orderly room smelled of soldiers, gun grease and the dejected reek of walls on which the sun has never shone. An aide passed through, his spurs ringing upon the stone flooring as he made his way down the hall and out to the soft dust of the parade ground. Slow communications from all departments of the stronghold focused through the anteroom of this office.

Two stenographers came in from the quartermaster's bureau nearby for afternoon tea, laughing and exchanging secrets. A bugler tried vainly to engage them in conversation, looked at the clock and went out to blow a call. After ten minutes the Commandant emerged, a burly, good-natured soldier who had worn the Hapsburg eagles before he had donned the double-headed White Eagle of Poland. He spoke rapidly through an interpreter. Had I come to see the old fortress? It was worthless now in a day of high explosives, but the place had its historical associations. Also, the buildings and grounds were valuable for training new troops and for garrison barracks.

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He clapped his hands three times. An orderly came quickly, saluted, received an order and hurried off. At the Commandant's invitation I went into his office and sat down. Three chairs, a large table and a cupboard were the only furnishings. Upon the walls were large maps of the Baltic States, a special detailed map of Vilna and vicinity, and a road map of western Russia and eastern Poland, together with administrative places, population charts, tables of organization and numerous bulletins containing orders of the day.

He began speaking openly of the problems of the new army, chiefly financial. The orderly returned with glasses of tea. When the State should have a stable currency, then Poland's army would be one of the most powerful in Middle Europe. He touched delicately upon Pilsudski's opposition to the Sejm and his impatience with parliaments in general. Too many parties precluded anyone having a majority and expediting important business. Doubtless better days were coming. The French military mission was being reduced; soon the army would be wholly directed by Poles. They had proved themselves, he said warmly, pointing out the exploits of new regiments in the war against Soviet Russia in 1920.

When the conversation began to lag, I told him the reason of my call. Years before I had heard that Polish patriots had been executed by the Russian command on a strip of grass between the wall of the Citadel and the Vistula. The story had aroused my interest and I was eager to see the place. He seemed surprised that the place I mentioned held any special interest. So far as he knew, there was nothing on the bank but high grass, and cottonwood trees. Since he had been in command of the prison the large gate had not been opened. He clapped his hands again and commanded the orderly to bring the keys.

The boy returned with an old-fashioned key nearly a foot long. The Commandant took his hat off a peg and we walked across a cobbled street to the brick wall through which a gate opened on a strip of land between the Citadel and the river.

The grass was knee-high. As we stumbled through it we came upon two score or more of graves, irregularly placed, some evidently old, others obviously made during the Great War. Passing downstream sixty or seventy paces, we discovered a rough scaffold arranged so that three could be hung at once, and a step farther on the trunk of a cottonwood tree was shot almost in two by hundreds of rifle bullets. As we examined the wood, pieces of bone and fragments of fabric could be detected. The Commandant rubbed his forehead and nervously lit a cigarette. He picked up an empty cartridge and examined it.

"Evidently both Germans and Russians slaughtered the Poles here."

He kicked about in the grass, seeking to determine the extent of the burying ground and becoming more and more agitated as other graves appeared. For half an hour we walked about in this place of secret tragedy. Here fugitives from Russian police had come to the end of the long road of persecution. The dark-eyed descendants of Poniatowski and Kosciusko gathered from the Ukraine to Lithuania had here received quick punishment for nationalist dreams.

As we returned to the office, companies on hike were making their way to barracks. Weird Slavic marching songs rang through the air, melancholy with the sadness of their native plain, touched now and then with hope—that Polish messianism which had dominated their music and letters since the Third Partition of their land. Seasoned officers on the sidewalks looked quizzically at boys who had not yet heard the bark of machine guns or the concussion of big caliber shells. Something secretive about their faces spoke of information they could have given, but would not—perhaps it were best that each generation learn for itself. The boys passed by, company after company, each singing its own song, songs far different from the "Tipperarys" and "Long Trails" of the Western Front, songs full of Byzantine echoes from villages hundreds of years old. At the head of a column a major sang out a preliminary command, repeated by company officers. Men stopped singing, closed ranks and dressed their rifles. Then came the command to march at attention, and the whole column moved as one rhythmic organism. Before we reached the office we heard the battalion dismissed with all the shouts and clatter of garrison soldiers who are young and untutored by the iron scourge of conflict.

Back in his office the Commandant asked if there were any favors he could extend to me while I was in the city, adding that he was very much interested in the discovery he had just made and would see that the unknown persons without the wall were given proper markers.

A year later I returned to the Citadel and again asked permission to go without the wall. The key was taken down from a nail by the adjutant's desk. It was well used now and no longer rusty. As we passed through the gate within the larger gate, I saw before me a crucifix, at least fifteen feet high, raised in the center of the place of death. About it were wreaths and in lines, beneath white crosses, slept the patriots who had met death by firing squads or been hung in trios near the muddy Vistula.

. . . *And It Was So*

In the long darkness before spring,
In the cold rain's hour,
When air was too long empty of song and wing,
As earth of flower,

I spoke into the void the words
That had troubled my breast—
And suddenly all the air was filled with birds,
And suddenly flowers pressed

About my feet . . . and it was so
For an hour with earth and sky—
And I thought of a word that was spoken long ago,
And why.

DAVID MORTON.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Nazareth Press of Hongkong has recently published a Chinese translation of the Roman Missal and a double-column edition of the Missal with Chinese and Latin texts on the same page. Of the first translation of the Roman Missal into Chinese by the Jesuit missionary, Father Louis Buglio, in 1670, only three copies are still in existence. * * * The State Legislature of Alabama has repealed its "Convent Inspection Act," which has been in effect for the past fifteen years. The *Catholic Week,* official publication of the diocese of Mobile, attributed this action in large part "to wider public knowledge and appreciation of the untiring and unselfish ministrations of the Catholic Sisters to all, regardless of creed." * * * In an interview with a delegate to the All-India Women's Congress at Karachi, Mahatma Gandhi declared that the use of unnatural means of birth prevention "are leading to hideous immorality." * * * The parish of Plaisance, Paris, France, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. When it was founded the district was largely an agglomeration of miserable shanties in which the Parisian rag-pickers lived. Mass was first said in an old wine-shop and only two persons made their Easter duty there the first year. Today Plaisance has a small church, which will have to be enlarged, and vocational and academic centers for 3,000 boys and girls. * * * The Most Reverend Andrea Eloy, Vicar Apostolic of Vinh, Indo-China, recently ordained ten Annamese priests and seven subdeacons. Indo-China now has 1,223 native priests. * * * Havana, Cuba, is celebrating with elaborate religious and civil ceremonies the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of its historic cathedral, where the remains of Christopher Columbus reposed from 1789 to 1898. The week's ceremonies and fiesta began with a Solemn High Mass at the cathedral, March 3, and they include a water carnival, a historical pageant, a number of concerts, fireworks, and an illumination of the city.

The Nation.—The oratory celebrating and impugning the completion of the first two years of the New Deal principally splashed the past week with crimson passages. Senator Long swung his arms like a windmill in the Senate, prophesied dire disorders and named Bernard Baruch as a Machiavellian figure behind the NRA. Senator Robinson, Democratic leader in the Senate, answered by calling Senator Long a madman. * * * Mr. S. Clay Williams, chairman of the National Industrial Recovery Board, resigned. A congressional investigation of the NRA is beginning and it was reported from Washington that Mr. Williams resigned so that he would appear before the congressional committee as a private citizen rather than as official head of the NRA. Mr. Williams was chairman of the executive committee of the Reynolds Tobacco Company and will return to that company. He has been a special target of organized labor. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, said, "Now that Mr. Williams has resigned, I hope a reorganization of the N.I.R.B. may take place and that in the reorganization labor may have equal representation with industry." * * * Mr. Victor F. Ridder, president of the New York State Board of Social Welfare, was named by Governor Herbert H. Lehman as a member of the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration. * * * The trial of former Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon for alleged tax evasion revealed that he and his daughter traded large blocks of stock between various personally owned holding companies in such a manner that they established capital losses which permitted them to avoid the payment of income tax. Though the daughter received $822,000 in dividends between 1930 and 1933 from one $14,000,000 holding corporation, she paid no income tax in 1933. * * * Mr. Donald R. Richberg, leading executive of the NRA, admitted in an address at the Old South Meeting House in Boston "the need of honest criticism of any administration under our democratic system," but classed as "cheap politicians," "those senators who vote against their honest convictions simply to embarrass the administration." He also said, "I can guarantee that there will be no inflation in this country while Franklin D. Roosevelt is President."

The Wide World.—Greece was in turmoil as a revolt, apparently sponsored by military friends of ex-Premier Venizelos, broke out in virtually all parts of the country. The most spectacular incident was the escape of five warships which, pursued by bombing planes, sailed off to the Isle of Crete. Here Venizelos himself had taken over the government. The objective seems to be the establishment of a dictatorship. The rightfully elected Premier, M. Panayoti Tsaldaris, vowed death to the insurgents but was finding it difficult to make all the necessary arrests, to put down resistance in Macedonia and Thrace, and to solve the problem created by the defection of part of the navy. * * * The Saar was welcomed back to Germany amidst demonstrations of popular nationalist fervor seldom witnessed even in Europe. By comparison, the demonstrations which greeted French troops in Alsace-Lorraine after the war were mere yodeling fêtes. Hitler, the object of ecstatic veneration by excited crowds in Saarbruecken, delivered a speech in which he said that the sources of Franco-German conflict had now dried up and that amity should henceforth prevail on both sides of the Rhine. In terms of practical politics, this address implied that Berlin would deeply appreciate French indifference to possible German maneuvers in the East. * * * The name of J. Ramsay MacDonald, world famed as a pacifist, was signed to a White Paper which officially conveyed to the Parliament the sentiments of His Majesty's government on the subject of military preparedness.

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Alleging that confidence in the efficacy of international peace machinery was "premature," the White Paper defended the necessity of a "coordinated program . . . for reconditioning our defense forces and defenses." An increase of about $50,000,000 in the budget estimates accompanied the government's statement of principle. * * * The pound, slumping disastrously on March 2, brought with it a radical readjustment of dominion and dependent currency values, so that profound alarm was felt in gold-bloc countries. Some of the decline was erased, but the general feeling was that the new trend toward devaluation could not be stopped.

* * * *

The Work Relief Program.—After less than two hours in committee President Roosevelt's $4,880,000,000 work relief resolution was returned to the floor of the Senate, March 5, with a "rush order" for adoption. Its consideration will follow the disposal of the War Department Appropriation bill, which, it was hoped, would take place March 6 or 7. The resolution, which was reported to the Senate by Senator Carter Glass, was divested of the prevailing wage amendment which had caused the resolution to be withdrawn from the Senate on Washington's Birthday and had brought action on the resolution to a standstill. Although the committee rejected the McCarran "prevailing wage" amendment by a vote of 12 to 12, the report automatically included an amendment which specifies that the President may fix wages for work relief, but that he must prescribe the prevailing wage rate in localities where he finds that work relief wages are likely to depress the wages paid by private employers. The administration expected that the work relief resolution would now be passed in a form satisfactory to the President, but the victory in committee was achieved at the expense of placing some restrictions on the President's disposal of the funds allotted for relief. Expenditures were divided into eight general categories: roads, streets, elimination of grade crossings, etc., $800,000,000; rural rehabilitation and relief, $500,000,000; rural electrification, $100,000,000; housing, $450,000,000; projects for professional and clerical persons, $300,000,000; C.C.C., $600,000,000; public projects of state and local governments, $900,000,000; flood relief, sanitation, reforestation, prevention of soil erosion, $350,000,000. However, the amendment provides that the President may transfer funds from any of these categories to any other to the extent of $800,000,000 or 20 percent of the total $4,000,000,000 to be appropriated for the new work relief program.

Mexico.—Two prominent non-Catholic observers publicized their observations on religious persecution in Mexico during the past week. George Creel, writing in *Collier's*, described the prowess of Governor Tomas Garrido Canabal in Tabasco, where the "favorite outdoor sport is the burning of altars and images," and "prostitution rates as an industry." Speaking to a Jewish audience in Rochester, New York, Rabbi Philip Bernstein described graphically scenes of which he had been an eyewitness in Mexico. He told of seeing a girl come to a parish house in Mexico City, to report that her mother was dying and that a priest was needed. The request had to be refused because the one cleric authorized by law was already out answering a number of sick-calls. Rabbi Bernstein declared that the rapacity of the men who now rule Mexico is "appalling" and questioned their right to accuse the Church in Mexico of greed. The N.C.W.C. News Service has been publishing excerpts from Bishop Francis C. Kelley's forthcoming book on the Mexican situation. In these the Bishop subjects the defense of the Mexican government by Portes Gil to severe and effective criticism. In Mexico itself, the University Students' Federation of the Federal District issued a declaration to the effect that the present government is guilty of hypocrisy. "Callism," said the organization, poisons "with demagogy, venality and corruption even the most remote sectors of official organization." The Reverend Antonio Alba, of the state of Jalisco, was arrested on charges of having tried to foment armed rebellion.

Fighting Words for Peace.—The annual report of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is director, seems a relatively truculent and pessimistic document. Averring that the causes of economic disaster are international, the report pleads for "a new application of the federal principle which will bring to an end the present anarchic conditions by creating for the family of nations a single central agency in the direction of which they may each and all participate, and through which they will deal, each and all, with those problems and questions that concern every one of them." Contrasted with this need is the action of the United States Senate on the World Court and allied issues, says the report. "The seven senators whose change of vote would have insured ratification of the World Court Protocol have much to answer for in years to come," since it will prove impossible to substitute the "rule of law for the rule of force" until institutions which are genuine substitutes for war have been created. The report also contains Dr. Butler's personal tribute to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, and his associates, for the work done in perfecting the Vatican Library as an instrument of scholarship. * * * The Catholic Association for International Peace has issued a brochure dealing with "Relations between France and Italy." One of the concluding paragraphs reads: "The greatest dividing and disintegrating force in the world today is nationalism. The history of the past fifteen years might be likened to that of a death struggle between the baser passions of men, which are the roots of exaggerated nationalism, and their better and nobler natures which, encouraged and sustained by Christian teaching and ideals, seek to establish a real brotherhood, a communion, and a charity among men and nations."

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.—The death of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes, marked the passing of a classical American

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He was thoroughly classical in the tradition of Boston's literary golden age, and he had a sly, racy quirk of humor of a kind indigenously American. It was of the type of humor expressed by his father when the fishing hamlet where they had a summer home adopted fancy additions to its original name. Instead of "Beverly-by-the-Sea," Dr. Holmes had his letter-head read, "Beverly-by-the-Depot." Justice Holmes served with the Harvard Regiment during the Civil War and was three times wounded. As a Justice of the Supreme Court he was principally noted for his construing of the law in simple, homely language. This was also typical of his most famous book, "The Common Law." In this book he states the liberal attitude in the interpretation of our Constitution and other fundamental laws: "The law embodies the story of a nation's development through many centuries, and it cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics." On resigning in 1932 after thirty years on the Supreme Court Bench, Justice Holmes wrote to the Federal Bar Association: "I cannot say farewell to life and you in formal words. Life seems to me like a Japanese picture which our imagination does not allow to end with the margin. We aim at the infinite, and when our arrow falls to earth it is in flames." After his retirement, he procured a copy of Thucydides, "because," he said, "no gentleman should go to his grave without first having read Thucydides in the original." He was ninety-three at the time of his death.

Free Citizens or Slaves.—"Property or Slavery" was the subject of a lecture by Hilaire Belloc at the Town Hall in New York City under the auspices of the *American Review,* Sheed and Ward and THE COMMONWEAL. He ascribed the industrial revolution in its social aspects not so much to the invention of machinery, but rather to the break-up of the workingmen's guilds and the passing of the tools of production from the ownership of the many into the ownership of a small oligarchy. The guilds fostered by the Church were rent by the divisions of Christendom following the so-called Reformation and workingmen were gradually dispossessed by predatory capitalists from any control over the means of production. This development has finally reached an acute stage in which the great masses of mankind are so thoroughly dispossessed from any tenure of the world's goods that the little oligarchy of the capitalists themselves are threatened by bankruptcy. There are no longer enough people able to buy the products of the mills the capitalists own. An alternative is to vest all ownership in the state, which Mr. Belloc declared results in the enslavement of the masses to the bureaucracy in power and puts men and women in all their most intimate or trivial relations at the mercy of petty officialdom, which the world over has been noted for arbitrariness, vexatiousness and endless selfish intrigue. The system of providing doles which just keep people from starving and subject them to the prying and whim of officialdom, is also a form of slavery, declared Mr. Belloc. The only hopeful alternative, he said, would be the enactment of laws which would make the ownership of property widely distributed.

The Catholic Poetry Society.—At a reception at the Centre Club in New York City, Mr. Daniel Sargent, of the English department, Harvard College, was inducted as the new president of the Catholic Poetry Society of America. The society now has the largest membership of any poetry society in the world and publishes *Spirit,* a bi-monthly magazine devoted to verse. Mr. Clifford J. Laube of the news staff of the New York *Times,* and chairman of the executive board of the society, presided while brief addresses were delivered following the reception. Father Francis X. Talbot, S. J., of the editorial staff of *America* and spiritual advisor of the society, made the address of welcome. Mr. Sargent in his reply accepted the honors paid to him not as an individual but for The Poet, he said, usually a much neglected person. He also spoke of his predecessor as president of the society, the late Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., poet and president of Notre Dame. The Most Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, D. D., Bishop of Oklahoma City, was an honored guest and spoke briefly of his adventures and misadventures as a poet. Among those on the Honorary Committee were the Most Reverend Stephen J. Donahue, D. D., Bishop of New York, Chairman, the Most Reverend James E. Kearney, D. D., Bishop of Salt Lake City, Vice-chairman, Franklin P. Adams, Margaret Anglin, Joseph Auslander, Monsignor John L. Belford, Stephen Vincent Benét, Lucille Borden, Genevieve Garvan Brady, Katherine Brégy, Henry Seidel Canby, Seward Collins, Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P., Aline Kilmer, Emmet Lavery, Henry Goddard Leach, Edwin Markham, Edgar Lee Masters, Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., George N. Shuster, Leonora Speyer, Reginald T. Townsend, Michael Williams and Thomas F. Woodlock. Mr. John Gilland Brunini, editor of *Spirit,* was chairman of the executive committee which arranged the reception.

A New Venture.—The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, the headquarters of which are at Brookland, D. C., has begun to issue a new magazine, the *Medical Missionary.* This will have for one of its primary objects making the average American realize "the crying need of medical aid in foreign missions." A prospectus declares that among the features will be found: topics of medical mission interest, often the fruit of patient research, presented in a readable form to educated people generally; the discussion of general mission interests, set forth in similar style; and reviews of pertinent books as well as of missionary periodicals. In other words, the periodical will try to make scholarship fruitful and entertaining. The editor is the Reverend Michael A. Mathis, C. S. C.

The Jocistes of Lille.—The meeting of the Lille Federation of the J. O. C. (Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne), February 10, was devoted to the "agonizing problem of unemployed youth." Although material relief was a topic for discussion, greater emphasis was placed on the means of combating discouragement and despair. One of the objects of the Jocistes is to make of the youthful unem-

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ployed, "militants who will influence their fellow victims of the depression . . . [and] will bring them to know their rights, claim [these rights] for them if necessary, and organize their enforced leisure time." The Lille Federation comprises 2,500 young workers and every fortnight its members sell 7,000 copies of the periodical, *Jeunesse Ouvrière.* In the course of their work for the unemployed the Jocistes of Lille have visited 40,000 homes. Three hundred of these "militants" have attended retreats and days of recollection organized for them. In preparation for their active work the Jocistes have held 2,239 committee meetings and 2,483 study meetings. The Jeunesse Ouvrière Chétienne is a nation-wide movement in France; it also extends into Belgium. The recent report from Lille is an indication that French Catholic youth is making vigorous efforts to relieve material and moral distress in their country's industrialized regions.

* * * *

The End of the Road.—After the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association had decided the question of indoctrination, referred to in these pages last week, by adopting a "toothless" resolution favoring academic freedom, they listened to Secretary Henry A. Wallace's declarations that capitalism was rapidly approaching "the end of the road," if it had not already reached it. The Secretary of Agriculture told his Atlantic City audience of 8,000 American educators that "the capitalism of the past will not endure indefinitely. Its emphasis on the individual, the survival of the fittest, and the free play of competitive forces is proving definitely destructive. Opportunities of the past are gone, and it is a mistake to educate children as if such opportunities were still there. . . . All stockholders are becoming increasingly interested only in dividends. If the choice were given them whether to improve working conditions or increase dividends, the chances are that they would vote for the latter. Capitalism must collapse unless something is done to bring the individual under control. Capitalism, Communism and Fascism are all of a piece—materialistic and godless. Perhaps instead of emphasizing liberty, rights and freedom, we should teach increasing security, duty, responsibility—the things that hold people together rather than those that push them apart." In an interview preceding his speech Secretary Wallace said that "if only everybody spent as much for food as do those with incomes over $5,000, all the fields and all the farmers would be employed." He advocated that the industrial output of the country be stepped up 40 percent.

Collective Bargaining.—The Twentieth Century Fund, a social research agency whose president is Edward A. Filene of Boston, has just handed to the President a report on "the rôle of the government in meeting the labor problem." Believing that "the fostering of collective bargaining should be the keystone of the government's labor policy," the reporting committee says that clearing up the constantly disputed Section 7a of the Recovery Act is "the most immediately pressing problem in the relation of the federal government to labor." Four recommendations are made to accomplish this: (1) A federal labor law distinct from the NIRA, applying to all industry except the railroads and guaranteeing workers freedom in organization, and encouraging and sanctioning collective agreements on wages, hours and working conditions. (2) A federal labor commission, a permanent and independent governmental agency having jurisdiction over violations of the labor law and over disputes among employees in regard to the employee organization, and empowered to decide the unit of employee organization for bargaining purposes and to hold elections for workers' representatives. (3) Either a new federal mediation agency or the strengthening of present ones, for arbitrating industrial disputes, and, when it is unsuccessful, for recommending the appointment of special commissions. (4) A special commission of inquiry to study practises of employers and employees in bargaining and in disputes, and the present agencies of mediation and bargaining, to the end that Congress may get an idea of what interferences by employers with employees or employees with employers should be outlawed.

The Law and the New Deal.—The last day of February, Attorney General Cummings remarked that "the decisions of the federal district courts are multiplying in a whole group of cases affecting recent legislation and this is as it should be and of course as we anticipated. The acts are in the process of being clarified and interpreted by the courts. None of these district court decisions is decisive." NRA headquarters claims 130 favorable decisions in various federal courts, against 24 unfavorable and 69 still pending. The adverse ruling in the Weirton case, which declared Section 7a void for industries engaged in solely intra-state commerce and also claimed that company unions are perfectly all right under the NIRA and that the federal government could have no injunction preventing the company from carrying on its employee representation plan, is to be taken to the Supreme Court quickly. The government also plans a quick appeal of the decision the Kentucky Circuit Court of appeals issued, declaring null the bituminous coal code and its wage agreement. During the week, state and federal courts cooperated in hitting New Deal measures for transgressing the proper bounds of state authority. The Wisconsin Supreme Court threw out the whole state code system because it delegated legislative authority to industry. The New York Appellate Division outlawed the state Shackno Act which in the best New Deal spirit made the federal NRA rules governing inter-state commerce apply also to intra-state commerce. The Federal Supreme Court was ruling that New York could not regulate her milk industry in such a way that trade barriers against other states are created at the same time that the San Francisco Circuit Court of Appeals was holding that the A.A.A. lacked authority to regulate the intra-state milk industries. On March 6, a New Orleans judge refused to restrain a company from breaking NRA regulations, because the manufacturing (although not selling) is done wholly within the state and because complying with the provisions would injure the company.

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The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

Awake and Sing

THE GROUP THEATRE got off none too happily in its first production of the season, "Gold Eagle Guy," but in "Awake and Sing" it has hit its stride. In Clifford Odet's play of a Jewish family in the Bronx, not only do the Group actors find themselves peculiarly at home, but Mr. Odet's play proves to be one of the truest, most vital productions of the year, a play which deserves a place in the front rank of American drama. The story of "Awake and Sing" is simple enough. It is the tale of the love of Hennie Berger for Moe Axelrod. Hennie after an unfortunate love affair has married a rather moronic young Jew, Sam Feinschreiber, or rather has been married to him by her mother, Bessie Berger, who knows she is to have a child and wants to save the reputation of the family. This is done against the protest of the girl's grandfather, Jacob. In the end Hennie goes off with the man she really loves, Moe Axelrod. The play cannot be defended on moral grounds, but it is none the less a story which bears only too clearly the marks of truth in a civilization in which moral standards are fast disintegrating. But it isn't the story itself that makes the play important; it is the dramatist's masterly evocation of Jewish character and his splendid sense of dialogue. In his depiction of the matriarch, Bessie, with her insistence on the age-old ideas of the Jewish race, its courage, its belief in the family as a unit, Mr. Odet has proved himself a master. Yet he is none the less sure in his etching of the older liberal Jew, Jacob, with his ideas of personal dignity and love for humanity; of the erring daughter, Hennie, torn between her family's tradition and her love, which until the end seems almost hate, of Moe; and of Moe Axelrod himself, brutal yet honest, a masterly portrait of the young Jew who has lost belief in everything except himself. Splendidly done, too, are the figures of Uncle Morty, the cynical Jew of business; of Myron Berger, Bessie's futile husband; and of Sam, the half moron husband. They are not pretty pictures, any of them, except old Jacob, but they have the ring of truth and life. "Awake and Sing" is a study of the old against the new, and though the dramatist's sympathy is evidently with the latter, he never preaches, and the triumph of the new cannot hide the fact that the faith which upheld the old has found nothing substantial to take its place.

The acting was flawless. Perhaps first honors go to Luther Adler for his splendid portrayal of Moe; to Morris Carnovsky for his idealistic but futile Jacob; to Stella Adler for her indomitable matriarch. Yet almost equally fine are Phoebe Brand's Bessie, J. E. Bromberg's Uncle Morty, and Sanford Meisner's Sam Feinschreiber. No one but Jewish actors could have given these characters as they are given, actors who know not only the flavor and ideas of the characters themselves, but who are able to speak their lines veritably. "Awake and Sing" is a true folk-drama, but it is more than that. It is a document truly appalling in its truth. It shows the old ideals of Jewry crumbling under the pressure of an alien civilization and a racial emancipation. That Jewry will be willing to remain long so utterly hopeless and disillusioned would be too painful to believe. The spirit which animates the idealistic Jacob, twisted though it is, will some day emerge and assert its rights. (At the Belasco Theatre.)

Times Have Changed

RARELY has so perfect a cast been seen in a play so inchoate and futile as this work adapted from the French of Edouard Bourdet by Louis Bromfield. It deals with a family of New England millionaires, and the marriage of a young girl to a half idiot to save the family fortunes, but it would be idle to try to tell the story. The authors, whether they are M. Bourdet or Mr. Bromfield or both, have apparently no idea of the necessities of the stage. Things are begun and never finished, characters come and go at their own sweet will, and there is talk that gets nowhere. Yet no play this season has had a more effective cast, and in Elena Miramova as the girl who marries the moron, New York makes the acquaintance of a young actress of rare charm of personality, poignancy of feeling, and sincerity. Miss Miramova deserves to be seen in a play worthy of her high talents and technical mastery. It is enough to say that in this inadequate vehicle she gives a performance informed with pathos and emotional power. Admirable too were Eric Wollencott as the half idiot, Moffat Johnson as Harry Pentland, Robert Lorraine as Forbes Pentland, Fania Marinoff as Suzanne, Jane Buchanan as Phyllis, Cecilia Loftus as Mrs. Pentland, and Mary Sargent as Melenie Burnham. (At the National Theatre.)

The Green Pastures

"THE GREEN PASTURES" is back on Broadway, and once again the Marc Connelly-Roark Bradford fable is drawing large and delighted audiences. Some of the players have been changed but Richard B. Harrison still plays "The Lawd." The play wears well, though time has emphasized the deliberate bathos of some of the scenes. Yet on the whole we still must pay tribute to the genuine reverence of the whole. It is idle to wish that the evangelized religion of the American Negro had more poetry and imagination in it. The Southern Puritan lacked just those qualities and he imparted this lack to the colored race, which took his religion as it was given it in pathetic good faith. That that race gave to it more poetry and imagination than it found is a tribute to the Negro—and to Mr. Connelly and Mr. Bradford for expressing it. For there is in "The Green Pastures" much that is exquisitely reverent and beautiful. (At the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.)

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Communications

A PARABLE

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor: "And he spoke a parable to them" (Luke, iv, 7).

The kingdom of heaven is like to a king who lived upon a high mountain in the midst of his kingdom; and the best musicians of the whole empire were gathered in his palace, filling it from morning till night with the choicest melodies of his own composition.

And one evening, looking out upon the valley, where the lowly homes of his subjects dotted the countryside like a swarm of fireflies, the king said to his son:

"Let us build two towers of steel and wire, and a power-plant; and let us change this music into waves of ether, that it may fill the whole world;

"And in each home we shall place a receiving set, that will gather the waves into music again, and make of every hamlet a music-hall like unto our own.

"But lest we infringe upon the freedom of our subjects, we shall provide each set with a switch that everyone may turn on or off as he will, and also a dial whereby he who wills may attune his set as accurately as he shall see fit and worth his while."

And the king did as he said. And everything being made ready, he sent his son down into the valley to instal the sets and to inform the people of their use.

And some there were who, looking at the device and hearing the king's son, thought no good of it, and went their way smiling.

Others again, wishing to test his words concerning this wondrous thing, connected it; but hearing only a low hum and caring not to trouble about much else, suspected the son and were made miserable.

Still others, having obtained some music, left it that way, and after some time began to weary of the many distortions and discords.

But many others there were who, believing the son, did as he told them; and tuning the set with great care, till all its parts were in perfect accord with the master-set of the king, soon had their houses filled with harmonies of undreamed-of beauty, and their joy was great indeed.

REV. GEORGE A. GALLIK.

THE ONLY GOOD WAY

Mt. St. James, Mass.

TO the Editor: Your interesting comment in the February 8 issue on efficient methods of parole in regard to young offenders invites an interesting illustration of an understanding and sympathetic judge. For obvious reasons, I shall not mention his name, nor the state in which his city-court is held. He is non-Catholic; yet he holds sweetly to fundamentals in the culture of Christianity: "In as much as you did it to the least of My little ones, you did it unto Me."

Four boys, whose names are of Gaelic origin, and therefore suggested that they belonged to the Faith of their fathers, were brought before the Judge on various charges of little vandalisms. Much to the surprise of the bystanders, the dear old Judge, seventy years of age, asked of each little vandal, "When were you at confession last?" A pause followed; he resumed, "You are not compelled to answer that question, yet it might be wise for you to do so." Then turning to the attendant officer, he directed him to go out and bring in the fathers of the boys. To each one of them he advanced the question, "When were you at confession?" And again, "You do not have to reply on that point, yet it would be well to do so." And they did openly confess to his gracious smile.

"I know," the Judge went on, "that if Catholics are attending to their sacred duties, their domestic and their civic life are in perfect condition. Now I am allowed to send these boys to a reform school for two years, but I am going to put them on probation at home for a year, on condition that you and your boys go to your church for confession monthly. The officer here will please report to me on this point every month."

Jew and Gentile, Bond and Free, in the purlieus of that court have enthusiastically applauded that case of "parole."

Another case, entailing a more complicated endeavor, may be an added illustration; and it is permissible to say that it occurred in Fall River, Massachusetts, about ten years ago, under Judge Edward Hanify.

Little vandals were from time to time brought before his bench; the list eventually numbered about thirty names, all accused of petty infractions of the law, usually pilfering from fruit stands. Judge Hanify, to save them from reformatories, formed his own scheme of probation. He called the parents, and the teachers of their schools, and the policemen on their beats. Parent, teacher and policeman were to report to the Judge on every Monday. Bravo! On an evening of the following June, the Judge held a graduating exercise in an auditorium, with "high honors" for each and every one of the class.

REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

THE FARMER PARISH

Lincoln, Neb.

TO the Editor: I have noticed a letter in THE COMMONWEAL of January 4, from Frank Deuringer in the Middle West, which interests me deeply since I have been for many years working with the ideas his letter calls up. It would be impossible for me to go into details in this even if they were likely to be published, so I will say briefly that I, as also a few others, though living in different sections, have been in a kind of lay apostolate and maintained by the Church, all of us having reached at least middle age, some beyond. Youth would be no hindrance, but the great point is that neither is having reached or passed middle age a hindrance. This "apostolate" seems to have been regarded as very useful and even necessary, and as we see the field it could well be extended indefinitely.

Experience seems to point to the fact that a simple willingness to accept poverty is a great element of success.

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I do not mean the most bitter and grinding poverty, but that which places us on an equality with those among whom we work. We have the same problems of economy, etc., and previous training of generations back enables us to show how to make the best use of things—in short, practise "plain living and high thinking," which is a good thing to know, and that one can be cheerful and gay under it gives heart to many who might otherwise be discouraged.

I am very sure that many young people of both sexes who have vocations would gladly accept these privations as a part of their sacrifice, but there seems to be an idea prevalent that they can keep the respect of others only by living as well as the wealthiest.

I think this is a mistake, and that true reverence goes out from the wealthy as well as from the poor, to those who refuse to live in the highest comfort while there are babies wanting milk or coal to keep warm by.

As I said, a few of us are in correspondence and actually living this kind of life, planning to become as far as possible self-maintaining and to keep on with this apostolate, enlarging its scope as it becomes possible. We have at times lived together and it may work out for us to do so again later on, forming a "Mother House" to propagate the idea and the work.

It seems to me that a good example of this apostolate is seen in the publishers of the *Catholic Worker,* 436 East 15th Street, New York City, who seem to live on the same principle though their type of work is different. But the idea on which we work would enable us to take up any enterprise for the glory of God and service to Mother Church, that happened to come our way—if we could furnish the talent and energy for it.

I make this simple statement, and do not know where or how far we are going—God only knows that—but I should be glad to correspond with anyone who might be interested.

(Mrs.) Olive B. Marple.

THE LETTER-BOX

REFERRING to the recent controversy anent the fitness of women to care for the sanctuary, Loretta Reilly, of Colonie, N. Y., makes a sequence of pungent remarks, from which we extract the following: "While the liturgical arts promoters might not approve of a lot of little printed cards on their Gothic pedestals, I advance with diffidence the advertisement of an ultimatum delivered by a daughter of a twelve-short Trinitarian, to her own husband on the eve of her wedding. Her childhood had been blighted, just as Freud would suspect, by the shadow of Sunday which began somewhere around Thursday noon: 'Don't rile your father, children, and maybe he'll go to Mass Sunday.' And then there was the week before Trinity Sunday when Time and Grace marched in what Grantland Rice would call a sustained drive down the field, with Papa and the Devil fighting every inch of the way. . . . And so the daughter delivered her ultimatum: 'Honeybunchums, we'll be married tomorrow. The Christian Brothers wasted eight years of their lives on you, and the Jesuits took a fling for four years more. You know what Sunday is for and that the Easter collection is no substitute for Easter duty. But, if you-all want to go to hell, honey, its absolutely okey with me.' " We suspect that this young lady has been places, but her verdict is little short of capital punishment. Carmen de Arango, of New York, was struck by much that Mother Agatha wrote on the topic of literature, its purpose and promotion. She says: "If it be true that most Catholics of themselves will not attempt to read Catholic literature, then it devolves on the college to impel them to it, not merely by placing Catholic books on its shelves, but by adding a course to the curriculum with the Catholic Revival for its subject-matter." We agree, but as a result of sad experience suggest that the word "compel" would alone suffice. The librarian of the San Francisco College for Women, Lone Mountain, San Francisco, writes to thank Commonweal readers who responded to her appeal for back numbers of The Commonweal. She received quite a number. But, says she, "we still lack the index and title-page for volumes II, III, IV and X, also Number 21 of Volume I, Number 18 of Volume IV, Numbers 11 and 12 of Volume V, and Number 23 of Volume VI." Can anybody come to the rescue? Mr. Joseph M. La Fratta, of North Attleboro, Mass., writes to say that he is on the Father Coughlin band-wagon. The Reverend John B. Daley, of Utica, N. Y., writes to register his "displeasure at the discrepancy between two of your comments on the regrettable Daniels episode." Dr. John N. Hayes, referring to a communication published recently, says that he has found Professor Louis T. More's biography of Isaac Newton very interesting. We are sorry that our plans to review this volume adequately went awry—through, we venture to think, no fault of our own. The Reverend Edgar Boyle, of San Francisco, agrees heartily with Bernard J. Mulhern's recent diatribe against technical controversies anent plain chant. He writes (and you can't blame us!); "To educate some pastors, nuns and choirmasters in the art of Gregorian chant and sacred polyphony is an impossibility. It is difficult even to make an impression. We know that many of them cannot appreciate the finer things, so why waste time in useless endeavor? Let us educate the laity, especially the children in the primary and grammar grades, the adolescents in high schools, and the more mature youths in our colleges. This will do more for the spread of the Gregorian chant and the liturgical movement than the abortive hours wasted in trying to convince those who are adamant in their opinions that the chant of the Church is passé." Three more votes have been received from the clergy in the campaign of Revd. against Rev. The balloting is overwhelmingly, unanimously conservative—i. e., all thumbs down in so far as Revd. is concerned. We have received from a lady in Suffern, N. Y., the following communication: "Noticed your Ad in 'The Nudist' some time ago and would appreciate a sample copy of 'The Open Road.' " It would appear that there is more to be seen in nudist circles than even the imaginative suppose.

The Editors.

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Books

On Tolerance

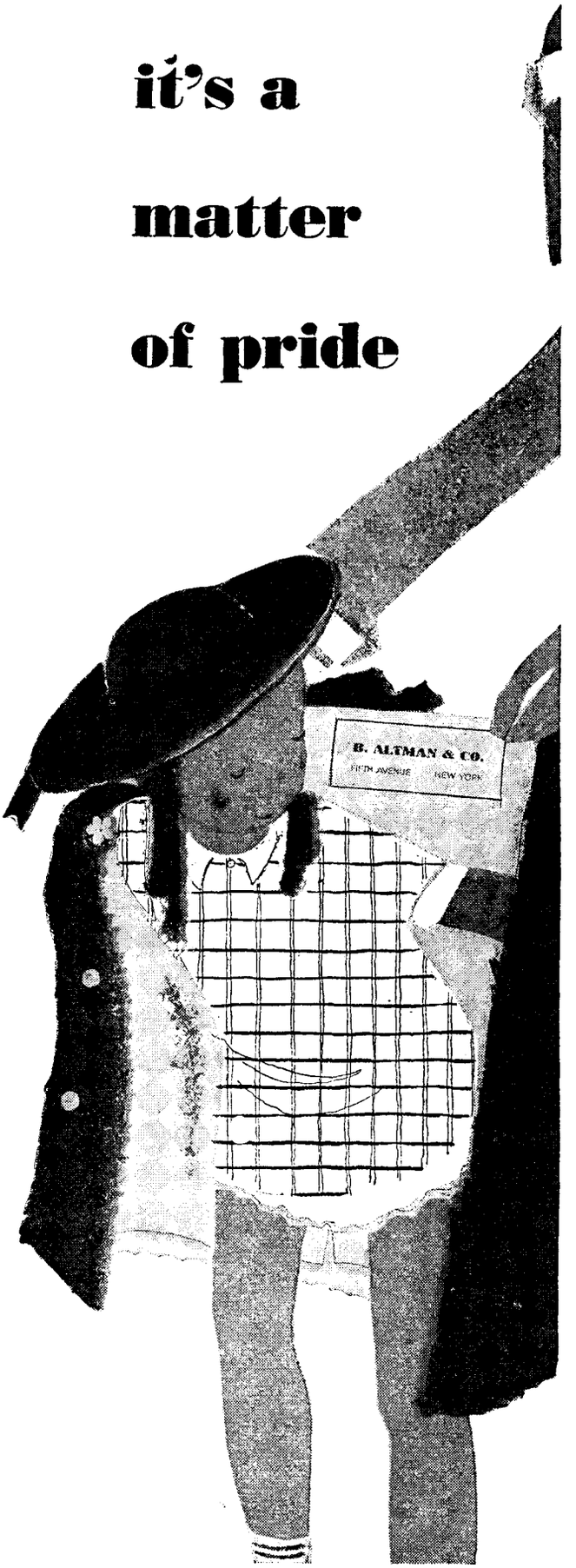
Catholics, Protestants and Jews, by Claris Edwin Silcox and Galen M. Fisher, New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

RECENT events in Germany have demonstrated that when menaced by a powerful foe, Catholics, Protestants and Jews have many interests in common. Such interests should be recognized before the danger to all religion grows strong through the division of believers. Particularly timely, therefore, is this study of the relations of Catholics, Protestants and Jews in the United States and in Canada—how far prejudice of one group against another dominates, to what extent they cooperate, in what measure they see or are blind to their fundamental interests in common. There have been previous books on the relations of Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, but this is the first large-scale survey of Protestant-Catholic-Jewish relations.

This study was made by the recently dissolved Institute of Social and Religious Research at the suggestion of the National Conference of Jews and Christians. After an historical introduction, giving the European and early American background, two chapters are devoted to discrimination in business, employment, real estate, social clubs, politics and immigration. Then follow an excellent chapter on relations in social work, and equally excellent chapters on elementary and higher education. Intermarriage, conversion and proselytization, and cooperation supply the remaining chapters.

As far as the American scene is concerned, the study suffers from the unfortunate fact that there are no fully reliable religious statistics. The authors were obliged, therefore, to single out some fifteen cities in which they made a personal investigation by observation and interview. Under the circumstances, this was the best that could be done, but it is evident that it leaves much to be desired. A mass of material is presented, but much of it turns out to be the personal impressions of individuals interviewed, and as they are for the most part shrouded in anonymity there is no way of judging its value.

I am in hearty accord with the authors' conclusion that in general whatever there is of discrimination, is, as regards Jews, racial, as regards Catholics, political. However, I believe that this book attributes too much importance to differing views on contraception as causing friction, and certainly the Appendix on this subject should have been omitted. Undoubtedly, contraception is sometimes a potent factor making for unhappiness in mixed marriages. But apart from this small number thus affected, the only non-Catholics likely to be irritated by the Catholic position are in the few states where Catholics actively lobby against bills to legalize the dissemination of contraceptive information—and in that case the friction is not religious, but political. Moreover, it must be remembered that great numbers of Protestants agree with the Catholic position, and that it was Protestants who wrote the laws at present in force.



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Next Week

WHAT IS MONEY WORTH? by Gerhard Hirschfeld, is a radical analysis, in the sense that it goes to the roots of one of the important elements of our common life today. "Our monetary system is completely out of gear," says the writer and adds, "Business is going one way and our monetary policy another." He explains the manipulations of money which are, without increasing or contributing to productiveness, increasing the crushing burdens of debt. "Money as an independent value must be stricken from our books and minds," he concludes, "and in its place must be reestablished the absolutely predominant principle of economic activity to which both money and interest are but subordinate factors." . . . THE CRISIS IN THE COMMON LIFE, by Summerfield Baldwin 3rd, brilliantly evokes a vista of the history which has finally evolved modern conditions. "The state died long ago," says the writer; "its ghost is still with us in a government, and a caste of officeholders, 'politicians.' Society, the 'social order,' in its turn is moribund. The decay of the basic cell of common life, marriage, is the last symptom. The wraith of society will no doubt remain with us as a caste of professional pundits, 'experts.'" . . . AUSTRIA: ONCE AND NOW, by Friedrich Von Minkus, projects against the vision of Austria's past the query, "Shall the treasure of Catholic knowledge, hoarded in Austria through a thousand years of searching and also of failing, but never of wavering, be dissipated in the experiments of the doctrine of despisal of God or buried in the narrow egocentricity of nationalism?" . . . A BATTLEFIELD OF PRAYER, by Michael Williams, is a work offered as a prayer for the recently deceased Abbot Obrecht of the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemani, in Kentucky. It is a vivid work of recollection.

Speaking generally, Protestants do not care if Catholics look upon contraceptive practises as immoral, any more than Catholics care if Methodists consider all intoxicating beverages as evil in themselves; but Protestants object to Catholics attempting to force on others their conscience in regard to contraception, just as Catholics objected to some Protestants attempting through the Volstead Law to force on the whole country their conscience in regard to intoxicants. That Catholics condemn contraception and some Protestants sanction it, produces no more friction than that Catholics condemn divorce and Protestants do not.

Likewise, I believe that too much weight is attached to the Catholic church law on marriage, when it is said: "There can be no doubt whatever that the official position of the Catholic Church on the matter of intermarriage is perhaps the 'hottest spot' in anti-Catholic feeling on the part of Protestants" (page 259). In support of this contention "a leading Protestant layman, socially and financially prominent," is quoted as putting "it very frankly when he said that there would never be peace between Protestants and Catholics so long as the Catholic Church maintained its present attitude on the matter." Incidentally, this is a good illustration of the way in which statements by anonymous individuals are introduced as evidence. As a matter of fact, very few non-Catholics are involved in the consequences of the canon law on marriage. And probably at least half of those actually contracting mixed marriages find no difficulty in adjusting themselves to the Catholic attitude. To those who are considering the question merely in the abstract, I have found that the matter can usually be presented in a way to cause no antagonism.

The Epilogue is the least satisfactory section of the book—in fact so unsatisfactory that for many Catholics it will spoil the whole study. Certainly three such important and far-reaching questions as minority rights versus totalitarianism, an authoritarian church in relation to a democracy, and is the United States a Protestant country, cannot be adequately discussed in nine pages. Mr. Silcox seems to be responsible for the Epilogue, and it is unworthy of his irenic disposition to quote the saying of Louis Veuillot, a French ultramontane of the 1870's, "We demand liberty from you in the name of your principles; we deny it to you in the name of ours," as if it represented the general attitude of American Catholics. Mr. Silcox adds: "What can be done with a demand like that?" He might have denied its pertinence to the situation in America; he might have answered his own question by stating that Catholics in the United States yield nothing to their fellow citizens in their devotion to the American principle of religious liberty and separation of Church and State.

Instead of doing this, Mr. Silcox goes on to put another question in the mouth of the Protestant majority: "Can democracy really endure if one group is educating its children for [political] freedom while an influential minority in its midst continues to educate its children for [religious] authority?" (page 357). The words I have added in brackets indicate clearly the logical fallacy in

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the question. There is no necessary contradiction between political freedom and religious authority. Catholics accept their religion from Rome, their politics—leaving aside for the moment a very few politico-moral questions, such as compulsory sterilization of the feeble-minded—they choose for themselves. In the more than one hundred and fifty years of our national existence, there has never been any conflict between the civil allegiance of Catholics and the authority of their religion. During that time millions of Catholics, from Charles Carroll, the Signer, to Chief Justice White, have been as good democrats as any in the United States.

It is a literary crime to publish a book of this sort without an index.

J. Elliot Ross.

Spain's Strong Man

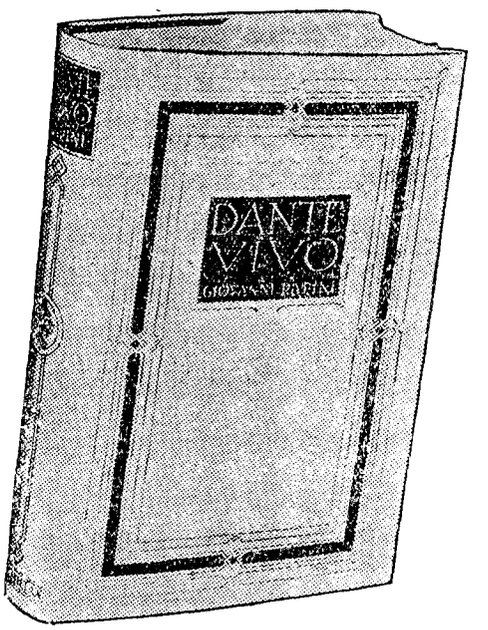
Un Chef: Gil Robles, by A. Boissel, S. J. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Gay.

ALL SHADES of political and religious opinion must concede that young José María Gil Robles, leader of the Acción Popular party, the group whose major objective is to strengthen the influence of the Catholic Church in Spain, is the most vigorous personality in Spanish public life today. He has shown extraordinary skill in the organization of diverse and even disagreeing elements for the accomplishment of a common aim, and his group, in its desperate struggle with the once all-powerful Socialists, has as assets the tremendous personal popularity of its leader, his fortunate blend of pliability and determination, and his extraordinary tactical skill. While it may not be quite true, as one banner proclaimed it in an Acción Popular demonstration, that "Our Leaders Do Not Make Blunders," it is certain that Gil Robles's career to date shows a degree of sagacity as well as of strength which has rarely been equaled. This son of a devoutly religious professor in the University of Salamanca studied at his home university and in Madrid, practised law, joined the staff of the powerful clerical periodical *El Debate,* and secured election to the Cortes *ad majorem Dei gloriam.* He was once a monarchist and is still accused of being one, but his repeated declaration that "the form of government is only an accident"—his willingness to work with any government which will cooperate in putting into effect the measures, political, economic, social, which he champions—is the clue to his policy and his success. Such a man is personally interesting.

There is a life of him in Spanish ("J.-M. Gil Robles su vida, su actuación, sus ideas." Madrid: Libería Internacional. Alcalá 5), and this little study in French, by a high-minded Jesuit teacher and writer who died shortly after its completion, early in the year 1934, is presented in a language which will reach a larger public. Father Boissel's book, although transparently honest and extremely well planned and composed, is too uniformly laudatory to carry full conviction. But the facts are here, and the portrait is well drawn and welcome.

Roy Temple House.

The Catholic Book Club's March Selection—



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Shallow Soil

Her Soul to Keep, by Ethel Cook Eliot. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

MRS. ELIOT'S third successful attempt to write an adult Catholic novel of modern American life, "Her Soul to Keep," is a suitable intellectual lozenge for readers who are "sensitive" about taking Catholic sexual philosophy in straight doses. The background is the typical college town where young professors use "sociology" in the classroom to disprove the existence of God while their wives devote the afternoon to a symposium on streamlined morality, while drinking weak cocktails on the veranda. In this sugary environment a middle-aged Catholic widow, of deep religious convictions, learns that her adopted daughter is going to have an illegitimate child, which means her own two small children and the "liberal" neighbors have got to know about it. The innocent victim, who was seduced by one of the academic husbands, wants to run away because she feels she has betrayed the blue-eyed Irish boy whom she loves.

Faced with an actual case, the chit-chat morality of the cocktail ladies turns into intolerance, but the older woman's virile faith and courage steadies the frantic girl, and her human understanding brings the penitent seducer back into the Church. The problem of the "unexpected arrival" is explained to the children so exquisitely they are spared a cheap disillusionment.

At times this novel skilfully portrays the superficial thinking of educated agnostics: the kind who can explain why they adopt a made-to-order philosophy, and how they "learn about life," but fail to explain in what direction their philosophy takes them, or whether their experience is of any value.

WILLIAM F. MICHELFELDER.

Personalities in History

The Protestant Reformation in Great Britain, by Joseph Clayton. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

MR. CLAYTON'S volume is presented in the Science and Culture series, "to supply an accurate work of general interest on the Protestant Reformation, as it took place in England, Wales and Scotland," in a "brief, one-volume history, complete in itself, which could be recommended to the students and reading public." The book deals chiefly with the English Reformation from Henry VIII through Elizabeth, or roughly from 1520 to 1600; Scotland and Wales receive a brief chapter each. The author is a Catholic, and Catholicism receives fair, but not overfavorable treatment at his hands. His account is restrained and impartial in tone and judgment, and provides a generally satisfactory introduction to the subject.

In his treatment of the English Reformation the author restricts himself to the foremost religious issues of Papal Supremacy and the liturgy, giving scant allusion to the political background which is so helpful to an understanding of the Elizabethan reforms particularly. It seems

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regrettable that he gives no direct account of the consecration of Matthew Parker and the origin of Anglican Orders, although he probably considered this question as theological rather than purely historical. We should likewise have expected a more detailed treatment of the Edwardian and Elizabethan Articles, and the markedly Protestant influences behind them.

Throughout the work emphasis is placed on the personalities involved, and enlightening consideration is given to their motives and their influence on the course of events. Here the author uses a finely pointed pen dipped in charity; and many characters come off better than usual, notably those of Mary Tudor, Cranmer and Gardiner, while some will think that several personages, among them Elizabeth herself, are oversimplified. This viewing of events through the people who made them adds sustained and varied interest to the book.

The absence of references makes it difficult to discern the "original matter which has never appeared elsewhere" with which the author is credited: but useful chapter summaries and chronologies, as well as a short bibliography and a good index, are provided.

WILLIAM GRANGER RYAN.

Lyrical Philosophy

Unheard Melodies, by Lord Gorell. London: John Murray. $2.00.

LORD GORELL thinks, feels and writes with a poetic conservatism that suggests the last century to even the conservative. But, though one reacts with irritation to the obsolete phrasing that persistently reappears, there is no smack of fogyism; rather, there is a peculiar inevitableness about the style which at once establishes the poet's sincerity and fetches the reader's accord.

The primary mood is one of quiet lyric contemplation which often becomes singularly delightful, as in "To a Little Child, Rescued":

> "By earth already overpaid,
> Crown of pure blessedness vouchsafed to me,
> A beggared spendthrift I shall stand—
> Save mercy, and not justice, guide God's hand—
> Groping for heaven."

And now and then there is a turn to forceful elocution, as in "If I Should Die Tonight":

> ". . . an hour that so belongs
> Unto the realm immeasurably vast
> Of our soul-spaces does not live within,
> But far beyond, the confines of our life,
> And part of all the beauty of the world
> It is immutably. Be not afraid!"

Lord Gorell is not without his measure of philosophy; and his not infrequent moralizing is inspiring, though sometimes it becomes flat didacticism.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY.

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Briefer Mention

What I Like in Poetry, by William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

PROFESSOR PHELPS has a genius for gilding the commonplace affections, which are—it needs saying again—by no means worthless just because the gloss has been rubbed off for professionals. The present anthology, which appends cheerful notes to the work of each poet chosen, is characterized first of all by loyalty to the "romantic" mood. It is within these limits a remarkably fine book, which one thinks would have appealed to Saintsbury as much as it will to the mistress of almost any boarding-school, though doubtless for varied reasons. Nothing is to be gained from quarreling with Professor Phelps over such omissions as Pope and Dryden. Theirs is not his kind of poetry, and after all it happened to be he who was making the selection. But how comes it, one wonders, that Addison's "Spacious Firmament" is here and that Bridges's magnificent "Carol" is not?

Unrolling the Map: The Story of Exploration, by Leonard Outhwaite. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.75.

MR. OUTHWAITE'S book is a more than usually graphic account of how man increased his knowledge of the globe during the centuries. Six hundred years ago, relatively little was known, though many a doughty explorer or navigator had sailed the ocean. Little by little the story is unfolded, through the medium of short expositions and biographies, with the assistance of black and white maps. Drawings of ships, by Gordon Grant, add to the attractiveness of the volume. The treatment is popular; there is no encrustation of learned detail. Usually everything is to the point, but some undesirable pontification is to be found, as witness: "The Northern Hordes attacked it [the Roman Empire] from without, and the growing number of the Christian converts weakened and altered its internal structure." For nicety of expression and historical scholarship, few passages in recent prose can equal this!

CONTRIBUTORS

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